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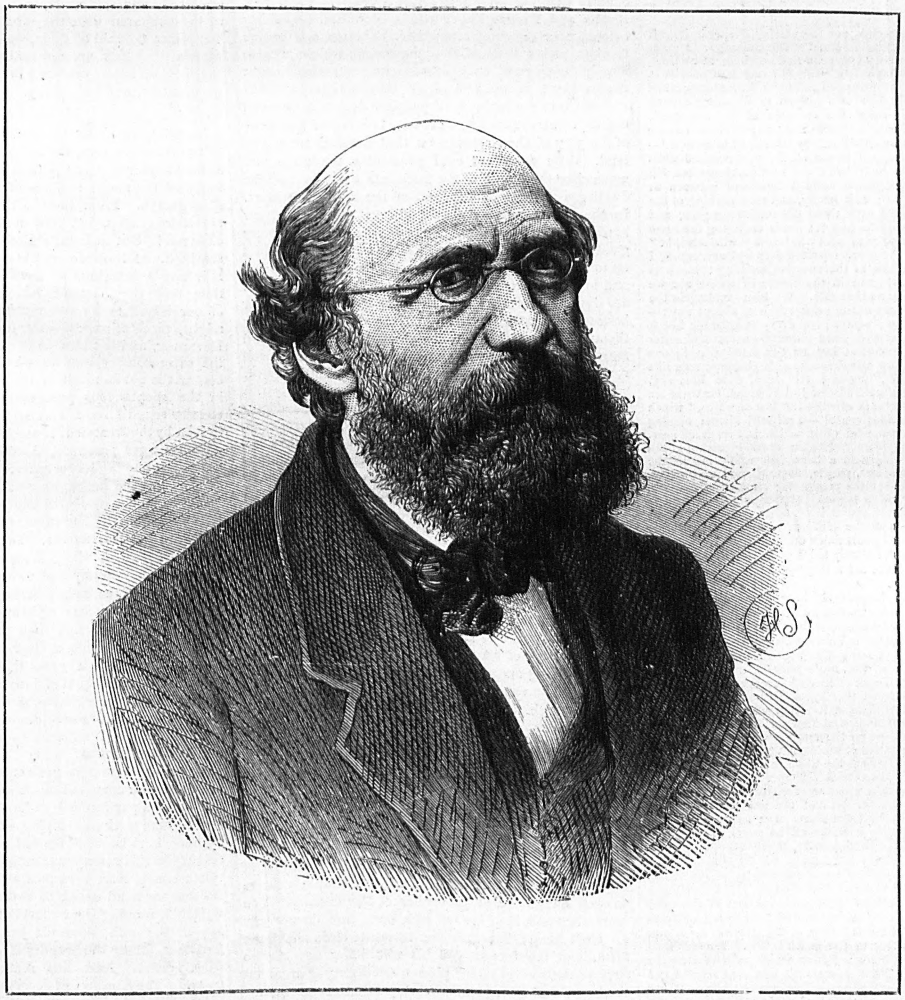


LORENZ CLASEN.

PICTURES
ON
ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ROCK.

OF all the rocks on the coast of Cornwall thrown into weird, fantastic shapes by the action of the elements or by convulsions in the earth's crust untold centuries ago, there is perhaps not one so remarkable as Queen Elizabeth's Rock, a fine sketch of which appears on page 4 of this paper. Viewed in the aspect in which the rock has been drawn by our artist, the head and bust are so strikingly formed that not only do the outlines immediately suggest a woman's shape, but they make what we are justified in calling a striking personal resemblance to the noble queen whose name has been given to this majestic pile.

Queen Elizabeth's Rock is in Watergate Bay, on the north coast of Cornwall, about a dozen miles from St. Austell Station, and two or three miles less from Grampound Road Station. The more usual route, however, is from Bodmin *viâ* Wadebridge. There is much scenery of a particularly grand and interesting character in and about Watergate Bay; and the tourist will find it worth his while to make St. Columb his head-quarters for a few days, staying at Polkinhorne's Red Lion Hotel. From there he will journey to the lovely vale of Mawgan Porth, and visit the romantic bay called Bodruthan Steps. Here he may inspect Queen Elizabeth's Rock, and enjoy the grand scenery around it. The sea view from the top of the cliffs, says Murray, is almost unrivalled. We quote from another writer (Mr. George Frederick Jackson, of Plymouth) the following striking description:—

> Across the bed of sea-pink, our feet sinking deeper in its soft cushion every step we take, we stand at the cliff-edge. I grant the most patriotic Cornubian at once that nowhere, at no time, had we looked on a scene like this. Twenty miles of cliff, a hundred of rolling water outspread before us, a score or more of lesser bays, each with their own golden sands and gleaming promontory indented within the embrace of the one noble bay. Let me particularise a little. Far away to the left as we gaze is Newquay—quaint little fishing village, or town is it?—perched far out on its own headland, its whitewashed walls shining as even as "the body" so loved of Churchwardens will shine in the sun. Then comes another headland between us and it, but this time bare and lonely, and with nothing of the feeling of humanity which even those distant houses give; and then the same, or what looks like it; each enclosing the same quiet space of water, and each with the same "wild sealight" about its feet. Then these are repeated over and over again, I know not how many times, in the sweeps (lessening towards us gradually) of that grand curve in the centre of whose arc we stand. This is the view on that side. We turn—and again the coast line rushing outward in the same reckless, abrupt way:—rugged, weather stained, beaten; of every imaginable hue it spreads before us—point after point sinking in softer and softer outline; the view bounded at last, on this hand also, by one long, low, grey cape, on which is a lonely lighthouse seen like "a white-winged angel," against the deep, pure blue sky. Behind that latter point are Padstow and Tintagel, for these are the "thundering shores" not of "Bude" but of "Bos," which lie before us. "A glorious coast"—Yes! and almost ceasing to be terrible in the peaceful quiet which is over it all now. Peaceful, pleasant enough truly, with the waters gleaming in the sunlight yonder, rippling with a faint, low music around the level sand; the soft shadows, purple, fleeting, and mysterious, chasing each other adown the precipices; the purple, crimson, and cream-coloured "lady's fingers" (varieties known only in this county) blooming on the tall cliff edges; and the not less beautiful living flowers of the *Antheacereus* and *Erassicornis* blossoming in the crystal pools down on the shore by the sea, while here and there the stately ships go softly gliding on into the distance, and the sailor lad is singing to himself in his boat far out on the quiet bay.
>
> Of quite other aspect, however, is those dark December days, when "the storm has come up like a lion refreshed" out of the Atlantic which lies beyond and in under that faint sky line; and when the cruel north-easter is blowing inwards, scattering the wet shore-grasses and tearing the bindweed in its wrath. Nothing but a picture of the most metallic of "iron-bound coasts" then; mile after mile of its dark, dreary length peering through the grey glooms of the fog, and tracked only by the flying gleam of the cruel foam at its feet; with no perceptible break in the long unwavering sternness for those who watch it from seaward, and no hope for the mariner who sees it lying on his lee. No hope, I say, for at the height of the tide, or when such a north-easter is blowing, the water reaches and climbs far up the cliff foot. But the tide is falling now. We can walk for miles along these sands, which we see stretching like a strip of yellow light between the blue of the sea and the darker shadows cast by the rocks themselves. Let us go down and see the "mighty being"—who, for all he wears so smooth a face now, toying with the shore yonder, is yet
>
> ——awake,
> And doth with his eternal motion make
> A sound like thunder everlastingly.
>
> There has a rude path of steps been cut out of the solid rock just here. Take care as you round this corner of foot-broad rock, however, at about a third of the descent, for if you slip you will fall 150 feet to the beach below. We are down without accident, and I know not from which point of view the cliffs look the nobler. Their front is all torn and seamed and ragged from the action of the sea. You can see where it has reached a great wave here in one place, and has torn the smooth face of the slate as if with a tiger's claw. Fierce and stern as seem these giant walls guarding the green lowland pastures we came through this morning, they are gradually falling before these attacks. The soft rocks, slate, and the less vitreous composites—of which for the most part they are composed—are worn into honeycombs. There are caverns, dark clefts, and curious "blow-holes" undermining them; passages penetrating hither and thither amidst their most seeming fastnesses, interlacing in tortuous bends and courses, and "running," so says our guide (whom we purchased for sixpence in paper covers, illustrated), "in every direction." Here and there, moreover, are lofty natural arches, nature's own glorious gothic, where the promontory has been worn quite through; and looking through and beyond these we catch beautiful vistas of heaving water and quiet sky. Here and there, too, stooping our heads beneath some grey rock portal, or creeping on all fours through a rift, we find ourselves in lofty halls lit by a pale green reflected light from the entrance or from crevices in the sides; halls so dim, so cool, so quiet, out of the glare and heat of the garish sun. That beautiful evergreen fern, the *Asplenium marinum*, we found growing in one of these, where it must be covered deep in salt water at every returning tide. But how to speak of the pools—isolated though profound enough some of them—which lie in these recesses, scooped only an hour or two ago, as is manifest, by the action of some current out of the clear shining sand? Or you may say, if you like, and are poetical, graven by old Oceanus himself, as a delicate compliment to the local Nereids (if there are any) ere he ebbed away this morning on his visit to other shores. Fit baths at least, I will grant you, they seem for these chaste ones—*mulier formosa superne* only—their waters so clear, so icy cold; so safe, so guarded, moreover, in the dim half light, and silent, save for that distant echoing thunder.

SENNEN.

The traveller not well up in the details of the topography of Cornwall will need to be told that Land's End is not the name of a town or parish. The title belongs exclusively to the projection of granite which forms the western point of this island. There is a village within something less than a mile from the uttermost peak of rock, and that village is known as Sennen.

Forlorn is the condition of the people of Sennen when summer's sun shines no more upon the land. They are a population forsaken and alone. There is very little to brighten their days. A chill rests upon their stone houses, and bitter cold winds sweep round the stone corners. Almost everything that faces the weather is made of granite, for nothing else would stand the wear and tear of the elements, even if other and softer materials were available. Nearly all else but granite, however, has been swept away by pitiless and irresistible storms. Sennen stands in the midst of a tract of country which is little better than a desert. Trees and shrubs and flowers linger out a slow and famishing existence or die away altogether. The summer brings tourists and a little of that movement which goes to supply the place of excitement there; but when winter comes there is an end of all that makes existence endurable to the majority of people living in a civilised country. Strangers know not how to imagine the force of the play of the elements on that devoted tongue of land. The merciless cold penetrates the walls and moves like the breath of the tomb into every part of the dwellings of these descendants of the ancient Britons. In the wintry months almost always the winds blow hard, and the hinges and locks of doors must be pretty good to stand against them. Window-sashes are nailed up to stop the intolerable racket of them in their frames, and to save them from being shaken to pieces. There are days when women and children cannot leave their houses for fear the invisible, howling storm should carry them off their feet and dash them to the earth; and strong men pick their way and take care to avoid the road which has no shelter against the roystering current.

The tourist finds the dwellers in Sennen speaking with a sort of melancholy of the coming on of the winter season. They never can refer to it with cheerfulness. They are hardy enough, physically, but they have not become hardened in sensibility to the unkind conditions of their lot. A Cornishman of the western extremity knows that he lives in an exceptional spot, and is never too familiar with the circumstances to deem them unworthy of remark. He is full of tales and incidents of unmerciful seasons, and admits quite readily that no man would live there whose lot did not somehow bind him, or seem to bind him, to the spot. If you encounter farmers' wives going to or returning from Penzance market, you will hear them complaining of the ungenerous nature of the soil. The mistress of the farm-house is strong of frame, but the labour necessary to get a scanty living out of the land and the stock is too much for her. The wear and tear tells upon her. She was bonny enough as a girl, and bright and pretty as a young woman, but too much toil quickly steals away her attractions. The farmer's wife in Norfolk or Worcestershire has no notion of the life led by her sister in West Cornwall, whose only recreation or rest is once a week to carry the butter, eggs, and poultry to market. There is poultry in West Cornwall, for that is a form of life which seems somehow to afford a little comfort to the denizens of the farm-house. You observe large flocks of fine fat geese, and you ask how it is that these birds are so plentiful, and why it is that they thrive so well on the scant provender of the country. You learn then that they are fed with corn, and do not pay for their keep; but they are favourite birds about the farm, and the farmer and his wife know not how to deprive themselves of the pleasure of seeing them about the house and farm premises.

The Cornish are necessarily a temperate people. In Sennen there is but one inn, the famous "First and Last." On one side of the sign-board you read "The First Inn in England," and on the other side "The Last Inn in England." This is a comfortable house, where tourists may stay and be happy as long as they please, but it is no place for beer-drinking villagers, and none, as a rule, are to be found there, though it is their only chance for many miles round. A new hotel has been erected at Land's End, quite near the Point, robbing the old inn of its prescriptive title to be called "The First and Last," but that is far away from the dwellings of the people, it is not at all adapted to the ordinary purposes of a village ale-house, and it is closed hermetically, and hard fastened, against wind and storm during the long and dreary winter months.

SENNEN COVE.

A village in a village is Sennen Cove, down by the water's edge, nearly a mile north of Land's End. West Cornishmen have neither the materials nor the opportunity for making rural villages after the manner of their fellow-countrymen, but they can construct a fishing village according to the most correct pattern. The inhabitants of Sennen Cove, numbering, perhaps, less than a hundred, look like a people by themselves. They are not, perhaps, placed beyond the sound of the voices of their neighbours of Sennen proper—for these dwellers in almost constant rough weather have very powerful lungs—but the Cove is set apart from Sennen by the interposition of a remarkably acclivitous hill-side, the ascent whereof afoot is labour enough to spoil a man for a day's work. The tenants of the Cove have built themselves a little street of huts within the extreme loop of the bay, and here they seem to live with very little dependence upon the outer world. The men go out to fish; the children crawl about among the pigs; the women wash the fishermen's guernseys and cook the fish. The little nest of cottages possesses a very humble tea and tobacco shop all to itself, which seems to indicate, remotely, a certain amount of commerce in the produce of other localities and other climes; but for a people presenting the appearance of living altogether separate from their kind, upon the scanty produce of the sea, and growing up in the midst of those conditions in a manner to suggest spontaneous development from sea-weeds and salt water, we know no little community to be compared with the inhabitants of Sennen Cove. Yet it may be said of them, as of all Cornish men and women, that they are not naturally coarse or uncouth, but show an inborn tendency in the direction of courtesy, good nature, and hospitality.

LIDFORD BRIDGE.

In gossiping about the features and aspects of these two western counties, we feel grateful for the licence to relieve a Devon scene with a bit of Cornwall, and to round off the rough outlines of Cornwall with a Devonshire sketch. From Land's End to Lidford Bridge is not a long step, but how marvellously the scene is changed! Out in Land's End the country is torn and scarified, and made not only terrific but barren. If it may be imagined to have been the work of something more than Titans to have broken the western point of our island to its present shape, it was a not less mighty piece of work to cast up the wondrous range of Dartmoor, and to throw down the surrounding lands in the extraordinary form in which we find them. The contrast is not so much in the original workmanship as in the spontaneous processes which followed. The country round Land's End seems to have had its heart broken by the treatment it received. It has lain through all these ages prostrate, deathlike, ghastly. There is no pulsation in its arteries, no warm blood in its veins. The sea raging round it holds it under a spell.

Not so is it in the violently torn and jagged region round Dartmoor. The caverns are not less awful. The clefts are not less terrific. The hill-sides are not less precipitous. The whole face of the country has been dealt with as violently and as ruthlessly as the granite extremities of the neighbouring county. But here in Devon there is a power of healing in the land. Hard hill-sides come out rich with greenwood. Straight up from a ledge on which a chamois could not rest grows an oak. Through a gash that must have been the result of an earthquake, issues a forest. Tall elms meet on high over a chasm, down whose awful depths a torrent leaps and roars, its voice mingling with the rustle of the giant branches of the trees. The work of the Titans has lost all its original character. The power of vegetation is greater than that of the terrible ministers who came out of chaos to reshape the world.

To take a parting look at Land's End in the morning, and to lean over the coping of Lidford Bridge in the evening, is to know all the difference between the rough country in this county and in that. At Lidford a mountain seems to have been torn asunder. So deep is the rift that the head seems to swim as we look down. A waterfall, running from a level at a vast depth from the key of the arch, descends yet further some thirty or forty feet, filling the wonderful chasm with spray and wild music. And this remarkable rift is full of trees. They grow at every point from the steep sides, and spring out between the sprays of water. At first glance we think we are looking over the side of the bridge upon a little forest, and then, when the eyesight penetrates between the branches, we realise the fact that in the matter of depth there is room for a church and tall steeple down under the shadow of the parapet. Lidford Bridge is one of the wonders of Devon, worth a day's journey to see. The tourist goes to Lidford by rail from Plymouth, on the Tavistock and Launceston line, and if he stops at Tavistock by the way, and spends a day or two in and around that interesting old town, he will not be tempted to regret it.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

Dividend Day.

THE sketch which the reader will find on page 13 is, like the scene it represents, a narrative in itself. It is, perhaps, a tribute to the marvellous transforming force of civilisation upon the human mind, that matters of money can involve so much of the drama of life. The evolution of the aspects of passion, of conflict, or of tragic episodes, portrayed by the pencil of the artist, is not more suggestive than a spectacle like this, wherein the sole subject of delineation is the presentment of men and women under the influence exercised by mere metal counters, passed from hand to hand on dividend day at the Bank. So closely have the artifices of social life got themselves mixed up with our natural feelings, wants, aspirations, and affections. Money makes almost the difference between life and no life to these more or less fortunate recipients of dividends, as indeed to every one of us.

There are numerous dramatic scenes to be witnessed in the streets and public places of London, and this is not the least of them. It has an advantage over many other spectacles of its class by reason that it affords, in an unusual degree, the interest of variety. Almost every other attraction that brings a number of people together for a particular purpose exercises a selecting influence. It collects persons of a class, or type, or calling. It is not thus with the dividends. For though it does not, unfortunately, fall to the lot of all of us to present scrip, we all have a propensity that way, if the fates would but indulge us; and though in the issue of coupons some of us are taken and others left, the coupon is no respecter of type or character. So the generous and the mean, the pleasure seeker and the miser, the impecunious and the wealthy, the industrious, the idle, the clever, the foolish, the good and the bad, come together and are moved by one impulse to give credit for a dividend. Therefore there is really almost nothing in common in the faces, the expression, or the bearing of these more or less fortunate people, old and young, who were gathered together under the eye of our artist on a particular occasion to fill their purses out of the bloated coffers of the Bank of Englsnd.

Miss Bateman and Miss Isabel.

He loses half the interest of watching the new play "Fanchette," at the Lyceum, who is not familiar with the acting of *the* Miss Bateman. To study the arts and ways of Miss Isabel, and to think of the arts and ways of her sister, makes an entertaining psychological pastime.

The younger sister comes before us somehow with an advantage, in that she has never taxed her tragedy humour—if she has it—with the character of *Leah*. Of course to all playgoers of this generation *Leah* cannot appear on the boards under any other personation than that of Miss Bateman. We have seen the play advertised, we believe, in the provinces, the part to be assumed by some aspiring leading lady; but wild horses should not have dragged us there to see the performance. We would not even have that which we dislike in *Leah* made more palatable by any other actress. We take *Leah* and Miss Bateman together, with all their perfections and all their imperfections on their heads, and we do not want the one or the other otherwise. Even that peculiar trait of scorn towards her weak lover which we never fail to attribute to Miss Bateman's breeding as a citizeness of the great United States—which, we never forget to assure ourselves, would not be possible in the nature of an Eastern Jewess—seems all the while to form an essential element in this peculiar play. Though another woman may rise up to present an interpretation which, had we seen it first, might have, in a sense, better contented us, and though another generation may gather round the new comer and say that Miss Bateman has in this or that respect been outdone, to us Miss Bateman will always be *Leah*, and *Leah* Miss Bateman. Still we hold that, but for the development of certain Americanisms in the nature of women in this age, there could not have been a Jewess to talk to her lover, however much he may have deservedly forfeited the right to her esteem, precisely as *Leah* addresses herself to the young gentleman who betrays so much miserable weakness in that very faulty but extraordinary drama.

Miss Isabel Bateman has not been called upon to exhibit her characteristics in the same light wherein her sister presented herself before English playgoers, and it may be in some measure for this reason that, while she wins fainter praise, she escapes much of the severity which from time to time entered into the criticism of the acting of her elder sister. "Leah" overstrained the sympathy of the audience: not so "Fanchette." It may be, if the former tragic drama keeps the stage, that the new generation of which we have spoken will lay that overstraining at the door of the original actress of the part; but whatever may be the fate of the new Lyceum piece, it can never be said that aught was lost through any dramatic eccentricity of the younger Miss Bateman, the first interpreter of *Fanchette*. It may be that another *Will o' the Wisp* will take the boards, to be moved more deeply in her heart and swayed more completely out of her natural character into that of the heroine, than Miss Isabel Bateman; but the work must be done on the lines laid down by this young lady. She has not set any example to be avoided; and she has not anywhere overtaxed the willingness of a discreet audience to leave the first conception of a part to the first personator.

It is curious to observe the bias of this young lady—so different from that of her sister—in the direction of comedy. She so often reminds us of Miss Bateman, that we half resent sometimes the resoluteness with which her talent is set in a direction opposite to that followed by the genius of her sister. Never is the family resemblance less striking than when *Fanchette* has something to do which would bring out the genuine stage talent of the original of *Leah*, and never are we more struck with the marks of kin than when Isabel is doing her best and making a hit in one of those genial passages in which the elder sister would be lost. This is another instance of the odd ways in which family peculiarities reveal themselves in different persons.

More "Quarrels and Calamities."

Mr. Charles Reade is surprised to find the *Times* refusing to insert a letter of his, in which he speaks of the literary critics of the leading journal as "the small fry who write about literature because they cannot write literature;" calls them "minnows" and "base," and charges them with "impertinence," "egotism," and "pitiable jealousy."

Mr. Reade's letters are always racy, and they mostly carry with them to a great extent the sympathy of literary men; but we think he ought to commend the editor of the *Times* for not consenting to publish the letter which he afterwards addressed to the editor of *Public Opinion*.

Let Mr. Reade imagine himself to be an anonymous contributor on the literary staff of the *Times*. Able and honourable men have occupied the position, and we trust he will not be indignant at the suggestion. He would expect to be treated as a gentleman by his employers, and we believe he would not in that respect be disappointed. But what would be his feelings if he took up, one morning, the paper with which he was thus connected, and found himself referred to in a letter addressed to the editor as "small fry who" &c., as base, impertinent, an egotist, a minnow, and all the rest? Would he not make haste to write one of his characteristic notes to the editor, eschewing his engagement, and refusing for the rest of his mortal days to write a line for the leading journal or to recognise it as anything but the most unworthy of prints, conducted by a worse than barbarian?

We rather like Mr. Reade's epigrammatic vituperation; but we think he ought not to expect those whom he scolds to pin his epistles upon their own backs.

At Hampstead.

We are not going to hurry into comment upon the current inquiry into the doings in the Hampstead Small-pox Hospital, but since our readers will be interested to know what evidence there is abroad on the subject in addition to that adduced before the Inspectors, we quote the following from a gentleman whom we have several times quoted, the London correspondent of the *Birmingham Morning News*:—

> It so happens that I am the editor of a London newspaper which does its own printing. One of our apprentices, a sprightly youth of sixteen, was, seven weeks since, attacked with small-pox. His first reappearance at our office took place this evening. I questioned him as to the treatment he had received at Hampstead. The tears sprang into his eyes, and, with much modesty, but with much emotion, he said, "I hope, sir, I shall never have small-pox again; but, if I do, I shall beseech my friends not to send me to the hospital." On further inquiry, I discovered that the treatment of this young man had been most scandalous. He had frequently been left without the slightest attention for seven hours at a time. He was, in the very crisis of his affliction, hurried into the female ward, where there were from fifteen to twenty female patients, and there placed in a bed the sheets of which were saturated with the corrupt blood of a patient who had died only five minutes before, and had been with indecent haste removed to the dead-house. Our apprentice had just vigour enough left to enable him to protest against such treatment. The only answer he received was, "If you don't hold your tongue you'll die;" and this speech was accompanied by such a look of malignant menace as, he says, will haunt him to the last day of his existence. Fortunately for him, he had a good constitution, and he sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital and return home. It is curious, however, that he could not get his clothes; and when he arrived at the house of his parents he ascertained that the one great grief of his captivity was owing to the rigid discipline of the establishment. His parents had called to see him no less than fifteen times. I can understand the grounds on which an interview might be prohibited; but I cannot understand why father and mother should be unnecessarily shocked by the assurance that their son was dying, whilst the said son, in answer to inquiries after his parents, received some such message as the following:—"Hold your d——d tongue; when a fellow has got the small-pox the best thing he can do is to lie quiet and die. He's got no parents and no friends."

WITH reference to the Bishop of Winchester having officiated in the Kirk of Glengarry, the *John Bull* is requested to state that his lordship had the full approbation of the Primus in whose diocese he was. It adds:—"The facts of the case are simply these. The Bishop was staying at Mr. Ellice's, at Invergarry, with a large English party, and, there being no English service, he was asked to give them one, and as there was on that Sunday none in the kirk, it was offered, and his lordship officiated, the service consisting of a selection from the prayers in the Prayer-book, two lessons, hymns, a sermon, and a concluding prayer, extempore. In the evening his lordship said Evensong in Mr. Ellice's dining-room."

COUNTRY LIFE.

Warning of Coming Days.

THAT phase of country life which is developed in large towns in connection with literary and scientific institutions is always particularly conspicuous at this season. We refer to it now to express a hope, and not to make note of a fact. Great as are the exertions of the committees, class-masters, and other workers in that field of education, and important as are the results in many of our leading towns, there is motive enough just now for an increase of zeal. This is a question for the young men of England. The children of the age are about to be educated. In ten or fifteen years the competition for advancement in every department of business requiring educated intelligence will be very keen. Those who are now just past, or only a few years past, school age will bitterly feel the indignity and humiliation if it should be their fate, by and by, to be shouldered out of the best places in business and in society by a generation of youths just a few years younger than themselves. We trust they will be led to look at this aspect of the education question. The facilities for adult instruction in provincial towns generally are much greater than those in the metropolis.

Wild Animals in England.

While we are all familiar enough with the fact of the existence of wild foxes, hares, rabbits, and other small creatures in this island, there are comparatively few readers out of the West of England who are aware that the wild stag lives and flourishes in large numbers, in a district at no very great distance from London, surrounded by a well-cultivated country and largely populated towns. On Exmoor this noble animal of the chase roams at will. Of his numbers we may judge from a statement made at a recent meeting of the gentlemen of the Devon and Somerset Stag Hunt. The occasion was the presentation of a testimonial to Mr. Bisset, who has been for the last seventeen years the Master of the Hunt. Of course a luncheon was held, and the Chairman, Mr. Stucley Lucas, in formally making the presentation to Mr. Bisset in behalf of the subscribers, spoke in terms which convey a striking idea both of the numbers and the genuine wildness of this animal in that region:—

> The Chairman referred to the large number of stags Mr. Bisset had killed during his sixteen seasons, 102, as being a higher average than any former Master; yet there were now more deer roaming over Exmoor than there were at the establishment of the hunt.
>
> Mr. Bisset, in acknowledging the presentation, alluded at length to the low state of the deer when he came into the neighbourhood in 1854, and attributed their increase in number to their preservation by the farmers and landlords.

Economy in the Public Service.

At a recent meeting of the Liskeard Board of Guardians a proposal was made for the purchase of a clock, not to exceed in value £6, to be set up in the Board room. The motion was vehemently opposed on the ground of economy. We quote a paragraph or two from the report of the discussion:—

> Captain Skentlebury did not consider that a timepiece was at all required. But if the Board were determined to have one, it should be bought by a subscription amongst themselves, and not at the expense of the ratepayers, of whose money they had hitherto been very careful.
>
> A Guardian said if the Board wished to open their meetings at the proper time he would propose that an inmate be sent to the station and told to stop there until it was 10.30, and then to run back as fast as he could. The Board would thus be able to judge, and the plan, he thought, would meet their requirements.
>
> The proposition that a timepiece should be bought was then put to the meeting, but lost by a very large majority.

From this incident it will be seen that the imperial example of saving the public money has not been altogether in vain.

Newspaper Amenities.

A leading article in the *Newcastle Daily Journal* opens thus:—

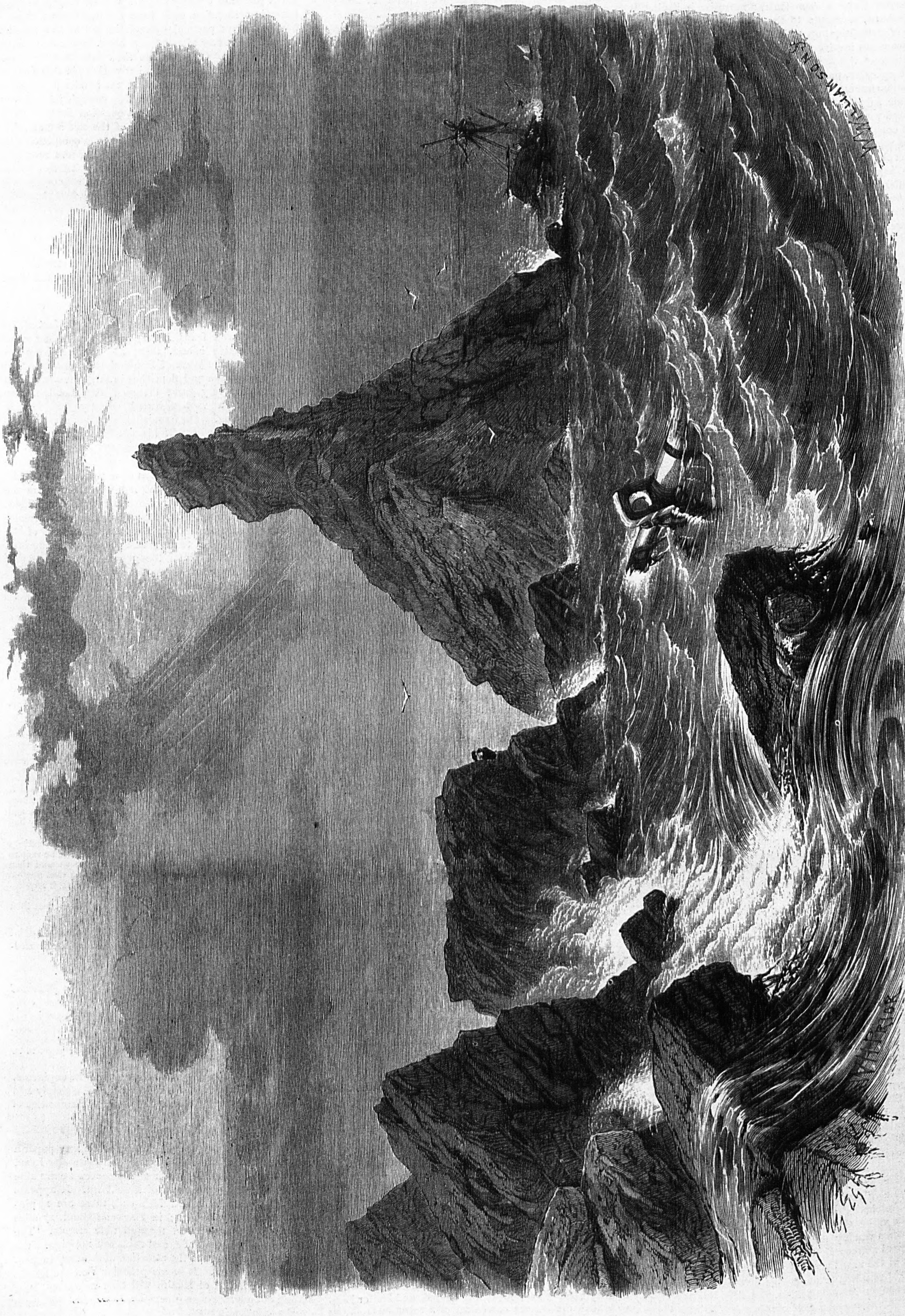
> The atrocious article in which the *Newcastle Chronicle* yesterday gave vent to the accumulated spite and malice of its conductors against Sir William Armstrong and his associates is, we believe, considered by the admirers of that newspaper to be a master-piece.

The subject under dispute is the strike of the engineers, but into that we do not desire to enter. We simply add this noteworthy item to the history of the amenities of provincial journalism.

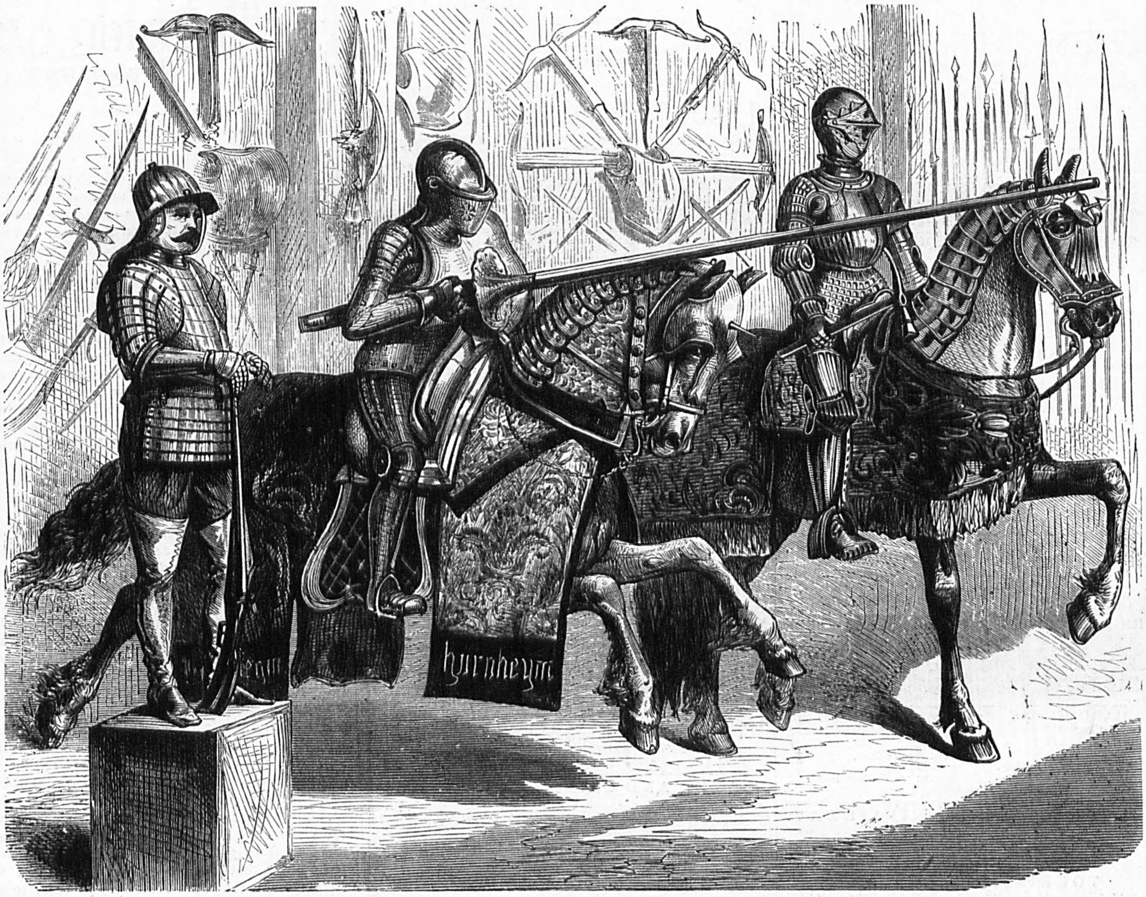
Another Pig Census.

Some weeks ago we quoted from a country paper a return of the number of pigs in Ashton-under-Lyne. From a report of an Inspector of Nuisances we are able now to add the pig census of Blackburn. It appears that in one street, called Mile-end, there are 15 pig-sties, tenanted by 39 pigs; in Harwood-street, 17 sties and 25 pigs; and so on through nine streets. The total number of sties is 68, and there are 149 pigs. We commend the figures to the attention of Sanitary Inspectors in other towns. It seems probable that the Blackburn Local Board of Health will take measures, by a system of emigration or otherwise, to remedy the evil of over population in pigs.

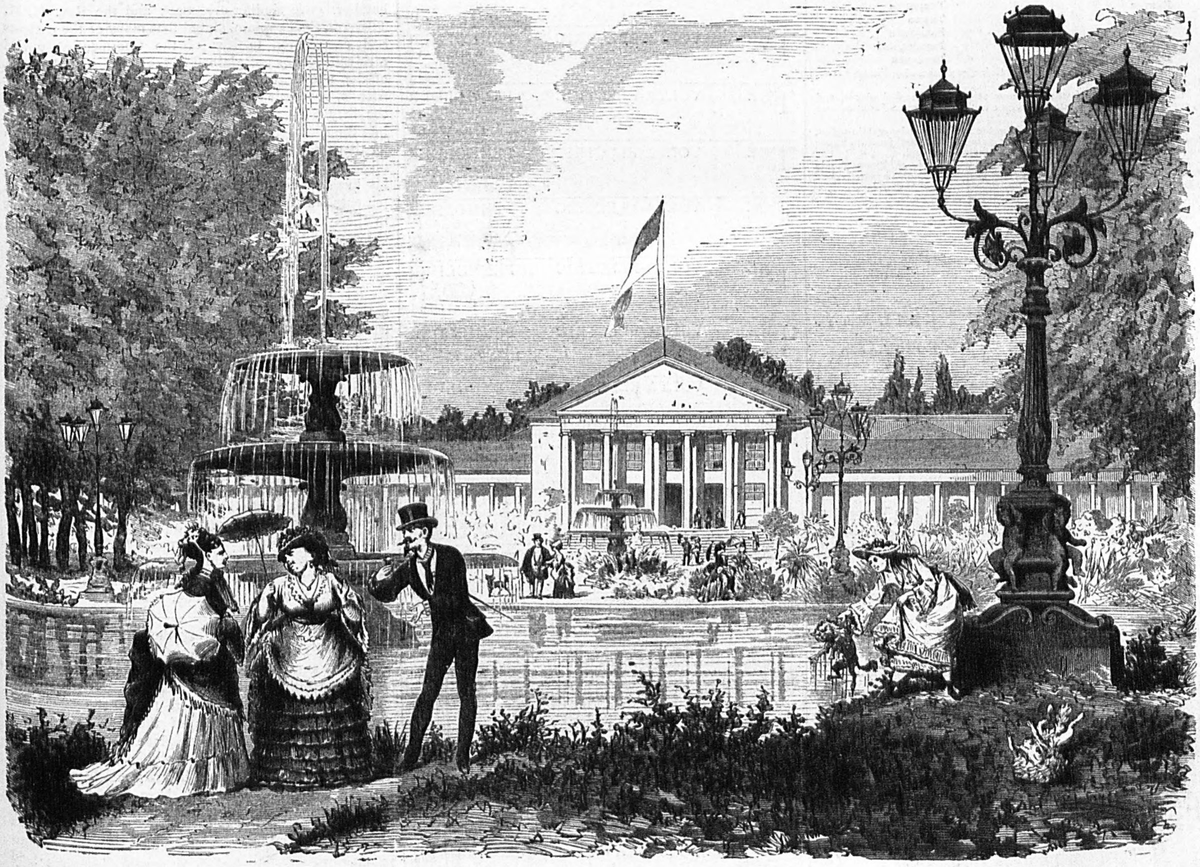
BORWICK'S CUSTARD POWDER is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [457



PICTURES ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. XI.—QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ROCK, NEAR ST. COLUMB, CORNWALL.



THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: MEYRICK'S COLLECTION OF ARMOUR.



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THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

London, September 30, 1871.

THE evidence given before the official commissioners inquiring into the management of the Hampstead Small-pox Hospital reads like a chapter out of the history of the dark ages. The story is one that extends over many weary months. It is strange that in the midst of the bustle of London life, and under the watchful eye of the London press, the gross and shameful mismanagement of this institution should have continued for so long a period without remark. The first indication of evil was suggested through a letter in the *Times*. This was followed by the announcement that one of the patients had been lost. The sequel is the official inquiry. It turns out that a little girl who was taken from her parents to the hospital as a patient has disappeared. The authorities do not know whether she is dead and buried, or whether she became convalescent and wandered away from the house. It may be that she will be picked up in one of the ponds of Hampstead. The authorities, at all events, seem to have no clue to the child's history since her admission into the hospital. This is not all. John Channon, a gold and silver plater, who was admitted into the hospital in May, and was discharged on the 14th of June, gives a shocking account of his experiences. The patients were tied down in bed, with sheets rolled up or screwed up into ropes. The nurses tied them down after the doctors had gone away. They were generally untied the first thing in the morning, before the doctors came. Strait-jackets were occasionally used. One of the men, however, who had been put into this horrible machine cried so terribly that the nurses were obliged to remove him. The meat was unfit to eat: some patients had all bones, some all fat. It was impossible to cut the meat with a knife. The patients had to pull it to pieces the best way they could. There was no towel in the bath-room. There were no brushes or combs in the lavatory. The clothes of both the sick and the dead were thrown about the bath-room. Channon and another patient used to get up at five o'clock in the morning in order that they might have the first wipe on the filthy towel in the lavatory. In order to get a warm bath they had to boil the water in the same basins as the beef tea was boiled in. Thomas Owen, a butcher, gave similar evidence; and the Rev. H. M. Turton, the chaplain, stated that many of the patients had complained to him of the treatment they had received. They complained of the badness of the food, of the non-delivery of letters sent to them by their friends, of vermin on the towels, of the want of soap, of the dirty clothes they were put into when they were sent into the convalescent ward, and of the want of clothes for those patients to whom the doctors had given permission to get up. Mr. Turton did not consider it was his business to report these complaints. He told the patients that they must go to the medical superintendent in the board room. The cross-examination of John Channon for the purpose of eliciting something in favour of the hospital was most unfortunate in that respect. It brought out one of the most sad and tragic stories of the inquiry. "He was sure the nurses did not want the doctors to know how the patients were treated. One of the patients, who was full of sores, escaped from his bed, and tried to get out of window. He literally scratched himself to pieces, and died at dinner time." Mr. Montagu Williams, on behalf of the hospital, elicited another melancholy fact. The learned counsel was anxious to show that amusements were provided for the convalescents, and that, indeed, everything else was done for their comfort and recovery. The witness said "Yes; amusements were provided. There was music in the evening; sometimes there was a concertina, and at others a man who was nearly blind played the piano." There is a painful kind of satire in this description of the "amusements" which is quite in keeping with the lost child and the man who, after trying to get out of window, "scratched himself almost to pieces, and died at dinner time."

THE mistakes made during the autumn manœuvres are only so many illustrations of the importance of the autumn campaign. It seems to us that the most distinguished failures of the whole business have been made by the umpires. We were told at the outset that under the Prussian system of the umpire no such absurdity could possibly take place as was exhibited during the sham fight at Wimbledon, when a small body of riflemen refused to retreat before a murderous fire of artillery, which they could not have withstood for five minutes. The reports of the newspaper correspondents of the battles around Chobham give us, nevertheless, a score of incidents equally as ridiculous as that of Wimbledon. In some instances, it appears, umpires held certain regiments in such high estimation that they had a delicacy in requesting them to retire from untenable positions. In other cases the staffs of both armies more than once placed themselves in situations of the most unmistakable peril. The Prince of WALES was taken prisoner, and, smiling at his captors, galloped off right in the face of a regiment of the enemy. All this will of course be remedied upon another occasion. Our transport system broke down completely, but officers and men bore their work and fatigue admirably. The artillery gave evidence of marked deficiency. The *physique* and dash of the Highlanders and Her Majesty's Household Troops, the discipline and soldier-like capacity of the militia and volunteers, were themes of general praise. The march past at the close of the campaign was one of the most brilliant military exhibitions which has been seen in England for many years. Officers and men both admit that they have learnt more of the practical details of war during the last few weeks than they have during years of parades and sham fights such as we have been accustomed to until this autumn. We may, therefore, on the whole congratulate the army and the country upon the result of the autumn manœuvres, which we hope to see repeated every year with increased diligence and military severity. If we can put into the field and manœuvre 60,000 troops next autumn, and 100,000 troops in the year following, with a perfect system of transport and commissariat, we shall not care whether it be a Liberal or a Conservative Government which gives us such *bonâ-fide* proofs of national security.

THE DRAMA.

THE OLYMPIC.

This theatre opens on the 2nd of October. "The Woman in White" is the new play. It has been in rehearsal for some time, under the personal superintendence of the author, Mr. Wilkie Collins. Mr. Vining is to play *Count Fosco*. The part of the heroine is in the hands of Miss Ada Dyas. Miss Cleveland (Mrs. Viner), however, as *Marian*, will have the leading part. Mrs. Viner has only recently returned from Melbourne. Her late husband was the lessee of the leading theatre there. Mrs. Viner played with the late Walter Montgomery during his starring engagements in the colonies. Everything promises well at the Olympic, and we are glad to hear that actors and management have faith in the success of Mr. Collins's dramatic version of his most exciting story.

DRURY LANE.

One of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences that ever filled this theatre assembled on Saturday night to witness the production of Mr. Halliday's "Rebecca," an adaptation from Sir Walter Scott's novel "Ivanhoe;" not a new theme, but a good one, although a highly successful drama has not yet been worked out of this famous story. "Rebecca" is a spectacular drama, wherein literary merit is a secondary matter. Although Mr. Phelps and Miss Neilson are in the play, they are not required so much for dialogue as to make up the perpetual picture of finery, which culminates at every act in a grand blazing tableau, putting in the shade all dramatic art that may have been brought out, and making us sensible that "Rebecca" is a piece to see rather than hear. As a spectacular drama it is one of the most gorgeous that has ever been presented to the public, and will no doubt run as long if not longer than "Amy Robsart" and "King o' Scots." The first act opens at Rotherwood with the return of *Ivanhoe* disguised as a palmer to his father's house. *Prince John* is one of the guests, seeking rest and refreshment at the Castle of Cedric the Saxon. Here there is a happy event sure to bring out the enthusiasm of the audience—the appearance of Mr. Phelps and Miss Neilson together in the characters of *Isaac of York* and his daughter *Rebecca*. The discourteous treatment of the Jew and his daughter, the warning by *Ivanhoe* (Mr. J. B. Howard) of their danger from the Templars, and their ultimate escape make up the chief incidents of the opening act, which however, includes a long dialogue between *Gurth* (Mr. McIntyre) and *Wamba*. In the second act Mr. Phelps is at his best, bargaining with *Gurth* for the price of the horse and armour with which he has furnished *Ivanhoe* for the tournament at Ashby. *Ivanhoe* enters wounded from the lists, and *Rebecca* betrays her solicitude for his recovery, after which the action of the piece is changed by the entrance of *King Richard*, *Friar Tuck*, and *Robin Hood*, followed by an elaborate ballet, entitled "A grand Masque for the entertainment of Prince John." The third act exemplifies the critical position of *Rebecca* and her father in the hands of the Templars. *Isaac of York*, roused to frenzy by the news of his daughter's position, defies Front de Bœuf's tortures. *Rebecca*, driven to bay by *Bois Guilbert*, takes her stand on the battlements, and threatens herself with death if her persecutor approaches more closely. Then follows a fine battle scene amidst the ruins of Torquilstone Castle, the trial of *Rebecca*, and the tournament, where *Ivanhoe* appears as the champion of the Jewess. There is *Ivanhoe's* fight with *Bois Guilbert*, who is beaten, and the Jewess rescued by her champion, upon which scene the curtain falls. There is quite a little army of supernumeraries for use in the tableaux, striking and picturesque situations, and fine scenery by Beverley.

THE GAIETY.

"Cinderella the Younger" was produced to a crowded audience at this theatre on Saturday night. This operatic extravaganza, which may owe its existence to the success of "Aladdin II.," is in the full Gaiety style. The music is by M. Jonas, and the words by Alfred Thompson. The scene is not laid anywhere in particular, but opens with the appearance of an old watchman, who comes with the news that *Javotte* (Miss Julia Matthews) is ill-treated and snubbed by her cruel sisters, *Belezza* and *Pamela* (Misses Loseby and Tremaine). *Javotte* enters to fetch her sisters home from a ball in the Ducal Palace. *Javotte* is smitten with the attractions of a young man who appears to her in the guise of the Grand Duke's dancing master. He is not a dancing master, however, but the *Grand Duke Max* himself (Mdlle. Clary). The other two sisters have lovers, *Dodgerowsky* (Mr. Stoyle) and *Prigowitz* (Mr. Taylor), who, although under the titles of Baron and Count, are in reality thieving rascals. Taking advantage of *Javotte's* absence from home, they enter the house to plunder it, but are prevented by the return of the three sisters, and further by the arrival of the Grand Duke, who comes to serenade *Javotte*. In the second act we are in the house of the sisters, where we make the acquaintance of *Von Tickelstach* (Mr. Maclean), the Grand Chamberlain, who has arrived with cards of invitation to a ball at the Palace for the three sisters. The two elder sisters sneer at the idea of *Javotte* going to the ball, but *Cinderella the Younger* accepts the invitation notwithstanding, and the result is that she becomes the wife of the Grand Duke. Her sisters are made ladies of the household, and their robber suitors are made gentlemen of the police. M. Jonas has introduced several pretty songs, which are sung excellently well. In addition to Miss Julia Matthews, Miss Loseby, Stoyle, Cooke, the Paynes, Taylor, and Tremaine, we have another favourite, Mdlle. Clary, who first appeared here with the French company a few weeks ago in "La Belle Hélène."

SURREY.

The Surrey has passed into new hands, and has taken a decided step forward. Mr. Shepherd is now the manager, and has got together a tolerably strong company, including Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. F. Edgar, and Miss Julia Daly, a clever American actress. The chief feature in the programme is "Watch and Wait," a new historical drama by an anonymous writer. The scene is laid in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and the play has been well received by the Surrey audiences.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—There is an excellent programme at this place of amusement, consisting of "Near Relations" and the "Rival Composers," full of fun and pretty music. Mr. and Mrs. German Reed appear in both pieces, supported by a clever and complete little company.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LORENZ CLASEN.

Lorenz Clasen is the artist who painted "Germania auf der Wacht am Rhein," which work placed his name among the famous in Germany. Lorenz Clasen was born on the 14th of December, 1812, at Dusseldorf, and at an early age devoted himself to palette and brushes, producing three paintings of acknowledged merit: "Die ersten Christen," "Die Hirten bei der Geburt des Heilands," and "Scener ans dem Leben der heiligen Elisabeth." The artist has lived a life of hard work, and has given Germany some of her best modern paintings; but all his previous efforts have not benefited him so much as "Germania auf der Wacht am Rhein," with which work his name will, no doubt, be linked when his other works are all forgotten.

GAMBLING SALOON AT WIESBADEN.

Our two illustrations, inside and outside of the Kurhaus at Wiesbaden, will give the reader a correct notion of gambling life in Germany. Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Baden-Baden have had good seasons, but there has been wanting the French element that crowded round the wheel and added to the gaiety and liveliness. Men and women of all nations come to the wheel of fortune to win and lose, and go half mad with excitement. Whoever may win and whoever may lose, the wheel goes round, and the money still rolls on the table. Fortunes are won and lost, but the game goes on, and pale faces and flushed faces watch it with desperation in their looks. Here you have the acme of overdrawn dissipated politeness, delicate intrigue, and false existence. This is another scene from the play illustrated by Mr. Frith with all the colour of reality. There is the man who has won, the man who has lost, and the man midway between success and ruination. To our right, we have a young gambler in a fit of despair: he has lost his money, and the old gentleman has won money—it has changed hands. As a rule the "old hands" do not let their looks betray their feelings. There is the mild, sedate, self-possessed croupier, who would not alter the expression of his countenance if the bank broke; he would not smile. Then, again, we have the genial speculator who would smile if he lost everything. The wheel of fortune took a very strange and sad turn a few days ago. Some Russian capitalists joined the gamblers to try how luck might add to their hoards, and played steadily night after night with success. They were a regular company, had their secretary to take account of their winnings, and might be seen any time of the day occupying the same seats. Ultimately one of them left, carrying away with him his winnings, and soon afterwards news came to hand that he had been killed in the recent railway accident on one of the Berlin lines.

DIVIDEND DAY AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

A description of this sketch will be found under the heading "Our London Note-Book."

THE CATHEDRAL OF EVREUX.

Our illustration represents Prussian troops in the streets of Evreux, and before the Cathedral. Evreux is the chef-lieu of the Department de l'Eure, and is prettily situated in a bowl-shaped valley, shut in on the north and south by hills, and watered by the Iton, an affluent of the Eure, divided into several branches. The Cathedral—presenting to the west an incongruous front of Italian architecture, flanked by two towers, and surmounted in the centre of the cross by a loftier tower and florid spire—was erected by the Cardinal de la Balue, favourite of Louis XI. The nave is in the Norman style, probably of the time of our Henry I., since he burnt the town, with the permission of the bishop, on condition of rebuilding the churches. The upper part of the nave is more modern that the reign of Philippe-Auguste, who again burnt the town to revenge himself on the treachery of Jean Sans Terre, in making it over to him during King Richard's captivity, but on Richard's unexpected return not only withholding it, but murdering the French garrison placed in the castle. The choir, supported on clustered columns with glazed triforium (1330-60), is very lofty and light. The Lady Chapel and the North Transept are still more recent (1465-75), and the portal leading into it, in the Flamboyant Gothic, elaborately ornamented, is deservedly admired, in spite of the injuries and loss of its statues inflicted by the Revolutionists. It dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century. The beautiful rose window in the South Transept, and the wooden screens to the side chapels round the choir, showing the Flamboyant Gothic style modified by the reviving Italian, also merit notice. The Lady Chapel, of elegant architecture (*temp.* Louis XI.), contains painted glass equally remarkable for its fine execution and perfect preservation. The woodwork enclosing the chapels round the choir, of mixed Gothic and Renaissance, merits notice.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

We this week make another addition to our illustrations of the International Exhibition. It represents a portion of the Meyrick armour, and will be found on page 5.

THE OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

ALAS! the seasons come and go,
  They bring no change for me;
I'm sitting where, a year ago,
  I sipp'd my Oolong tea.
My mirror opposite proclaims
  The sad, unwholesome truth,
That all the charms I boasted once
  Are passing like my youth.

My raven locks are changing fast,
  My face betokens bile;
My voice seems cracked, for when I sing
  My saucy nieces smile.
I seek in books the largest type—
  Not that my eyes are dim!—
I must have strained the optic nerve,
  Looking in vain for *him*.

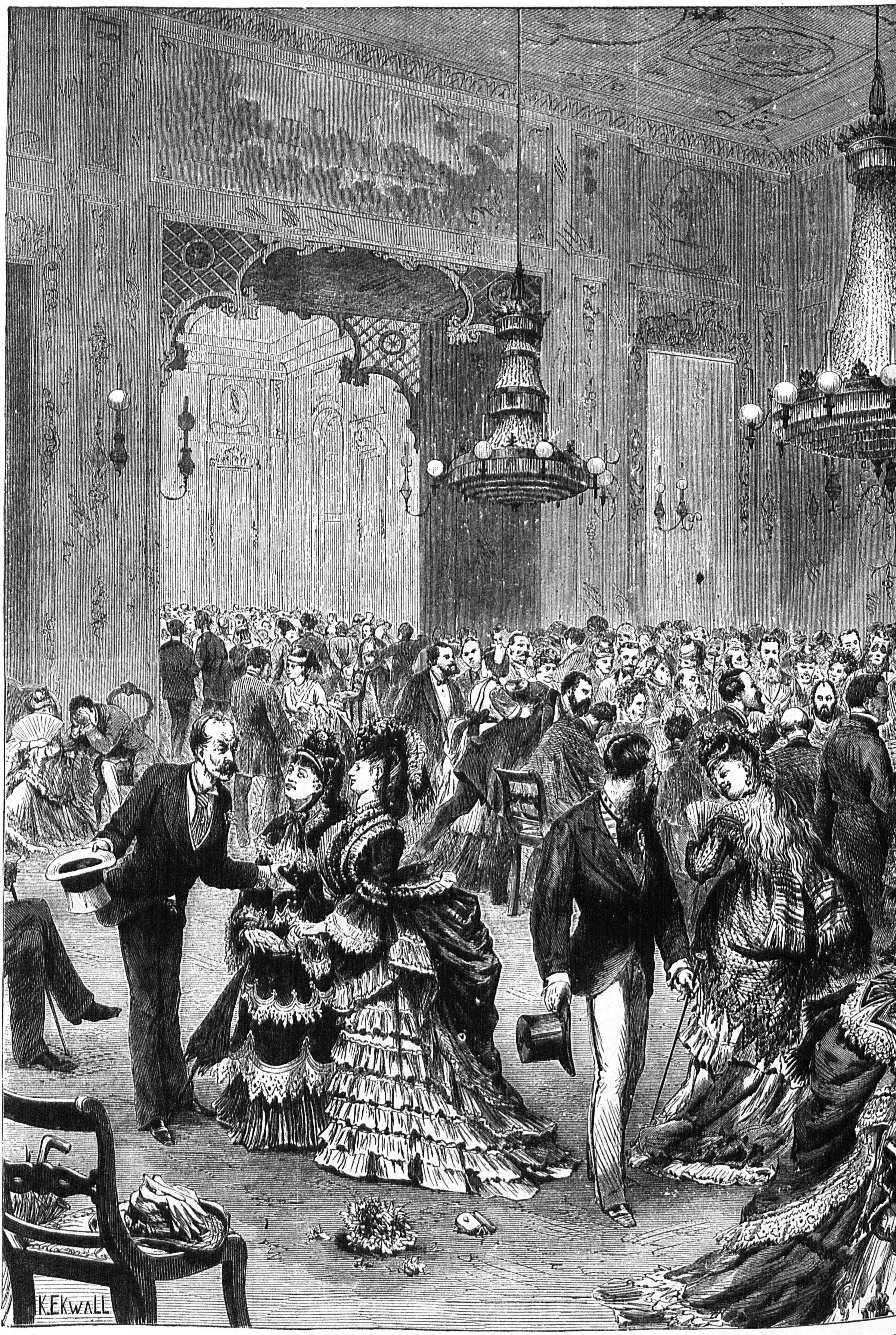
Ah! once I thought that Sandy Beau
  Would offer me his hand;
But he was drafted to the war
  And killed at Cumberland!
Then John McMartin walked with me
  From church that rainy day;
But a "war widow" drafted him
  And took him home last May!

My hopes are like the withered leaf,
  Born on the Autumn blast;
My brightest morning sun at noon
  With clouds is overcast
The streets are full of flirting girls—
  Such horrid, sick'ning sights
I can't endure: I'll take the stump,
  And go for woman's rights!

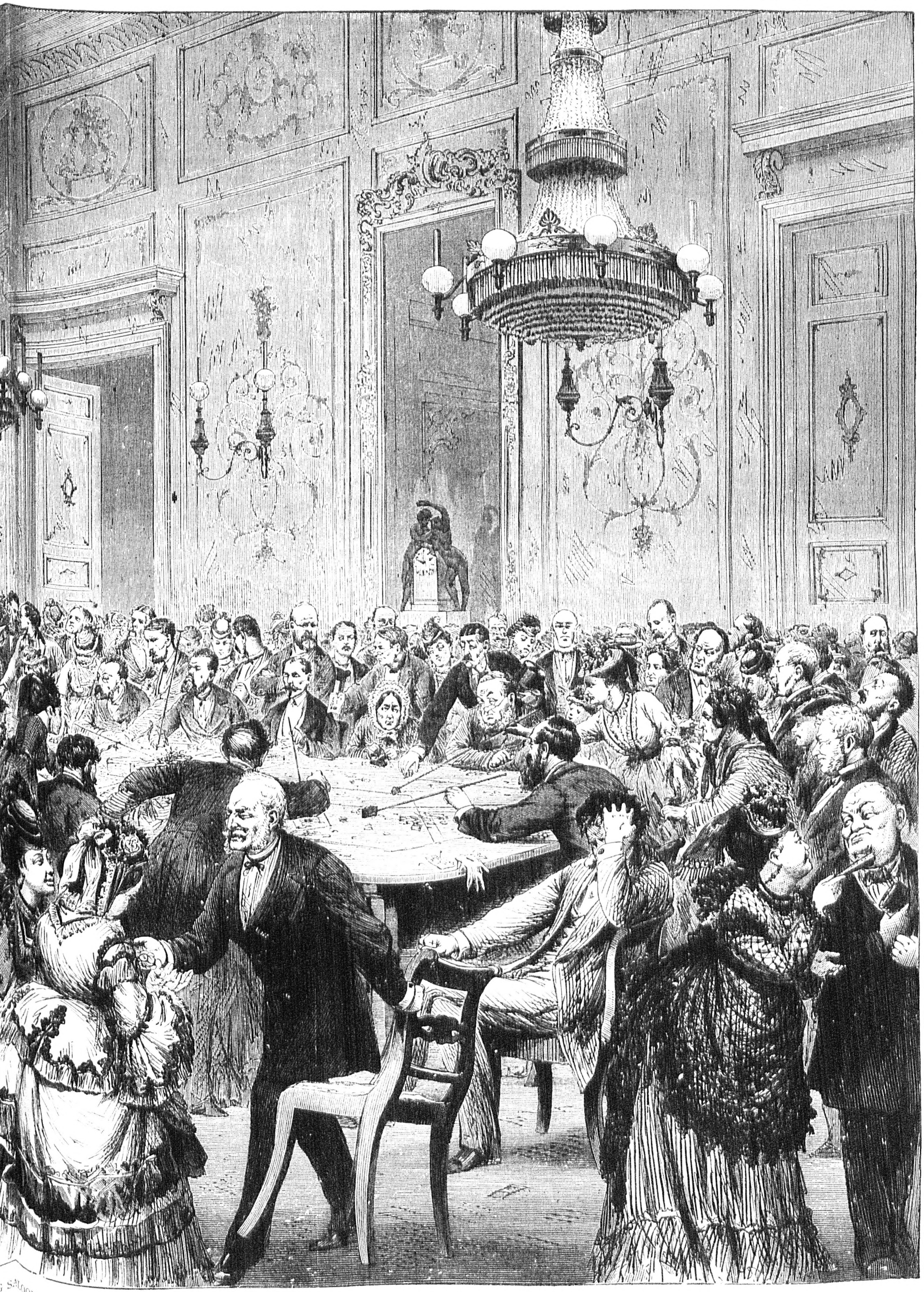
BEET ROOT SUGAR.—We take the following from the *Bury Free Press*:—On Thursday night a meeting of the Stowmarket and Central Suffolk Farmers' Club was held at the Fox Hotel, to consider a proposition laid before the committee of the club by Mr. R. W. Johnson, of Bricklehampton Hall, Worcestershire, for the establishment of a sugar-beet factory at Stowmarket, and to hear a report from the deputation appointed by the committee to visit Lavenham, to inquire into the practical question affecting the growth of sugar-beet. Mr. J. H. Heigham occupied the chair during the fore part of the meeting, and the President (Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson) the latter part, and there was a large attendance of the members. Mr. Betts (secretary) informed the meeting as to what was wanted by Mr. Johnson for the establishment of a factory. He would require a guarantee of about 600 acres of sugar-beet, to be grown within a radius of four miles of Stowmarket, and he desired to raise about £5,000 of the capital in the neighbourhood. Mr. James Hewitt, as one of the deputation, stated that they visited Lavenham last Monday, and went over about 130 acres of sugar-beet. This year was considered short in regard to the yield of roots, but the average crop appeared to be from fourteen to fifteen tons an acre. The opinion of the deputation was that the neighbourhood of Stowmarket was better adapted for the cultivation of sugar-beet than that of Lavenham. The project was generally looked upon with favour by the meeting, and it was agreed, on the motion of Mr. Oakes, seconded by Mr. Woodward, that the standing committee should meet the landowners and get their opinion in the matter, and that the club was quite ready to promote the establishment of a sugar factory in Stowmarket.

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhœa I have ever known. It gives speedy and permanent relief without any shock or causing constipation. It is a most useful and valuable family medicine. "E. T. BARRETT.
"*Surrey Chambers, Strand, July*, 1869.
"To Perry Davis & Son, London."

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Whenever the weather is variable, and the temperature constantly changing, the weak and delicate need be very careful to repel the first symptoms of disordered action or ill-health. The scrofulous and consumptive will find in these noble remedies the means of casting out the bad humours which originate and prolong their sufferings. The Ointment should be well rubbed twice a day over the skin as near as possible to the part affected. It will penetrate and act most wholesomely and energetically on the diseased structure. It manifests a wonderful power in removing all taints from the blood, and consequently in curing a multitude of chronic ailments, which seemed to be almost irremediable.



INSIDE A GAM



G SALOON AT WIESBADEN.

WHY LUCY ELLEN DID NOT MARRY.

WHY didn't Lucy Ellen Marigold git merried? Hedn't any chances, eh? Now jest you let me tell you how it was. Lucy Ellen was pretty enough; that wasn't the trouble; but you see them Marigolds, they're sort of queer. Now I don't go for ter say but she's as well off single as merried; there's two sides ter everything; according to my own thinking, I'd as soon be single and my own mistress, as like Miss Hollyhock, who's always a-lugging round a baby in one hand and a-doing of the work with t'other; or like Miss Smilax—you've heern tell of young Smilax, how awful sweet he was on her while they were a-courting? Law, bless you, how naturs do change after gitting themselves merried; 'twasn't more'n a fortnight afore he changed his tune; she'd no more durst ask him for sixpence than you durst put your head into a lion's mouth.

To be sure, it's different with a man; if he don't merry, who's ter mend and make for him? Who's ter coddle him up, and flatter and encourage him like? Who's ter help him put the best foot forward, when things kind of hitch? If I was asked, I'd jest advise all the men to marry, and all the women to stay single. However, that's nothing ter do with Lucy Ellen, that I see on, though, ter be sure, she's took my advice, but no credit to her, no more than if she took the varioloid, when it was round. Maybe you've heerd of her gran'ther, Elder Marigold? The folks set a heap by the elder hereabouts, though he was the outspokenest man that ever preached; for instance, there was Deacon Thrift: used to live out on the turnpike; the Deacon was mighty close-fisted, you see, and some folks went for ter say that it was worse'n that. However, the elder got wind of how the deacon hed sold six foot of wood to Widder Hood for a good cord, and the next Sabbath the elder he gits up in the pulpit and preaches about the widder and the fatherless—though mercy knows Miss Hood hedn't no children, and was a sight better off than the deacon and elder put together; but that wasn't no kind of reason why she should be cheated out of her eyeteeth, which they were false; and so the elder he goes for ter say—a-leaning out over the pulpit-cushing, and pointing fust ter one place and then to another—"I don't care who it is, or where he sits—whether in the gallery or in the body of the meeting-house, *or in the deacons' seat*, the man that'll sell six foot of wood for a good cord is worthy of fire and brimstone, and I'm afeerd he'll git his deserts." I've heerd as how the deacon made restitootion; but that's nothing ter do with Lucy Ellen as I know of, only the elder was her gran'ther, and as likely a man as ever give out a psalm; however, she didn't inherit nothing from him, except a yoke of steers and some farming stuff. The fact was, the Marigolds might hev been somebodies instead of nobodies and nothings, if Marsh Marigold hedn't merried as he did, instead of merrying as he ought to hev done, though it don't become me to say who he ought to hev merried. Marsh, you see, was named after his mother's family, the Marshes over the river yonder; they were fust cousins ter the Swamps and the Boggs, rich as mud could make 'em. Wa'al, you see, Marsh he spoiled it all by going and merrying the slackest piece of flesh and blood that ever handled a broom, jest because she hed a pretty face on ter her. Laws, the way she used for to cut up was a caution; she hed her sister Tildy ter live with her. Goodness, many's the times I've laughed till I hed a stitch in my side to hear old Dr. Heartsease tell about them highsterics of hers. You see one day she was took very bad in one: the fact was, it was about haying-time, and there was plenty ter do, and she wanted ter shirk it and go off visiting her own folks and leave Tildy ter do the work, and she knew Marsh would send her if he thought she was poorly; so away she goes working herself into a highsteric, or convulsion or something, jest as well as she knew how ter manufactur 'em; and she did know better'n most folks, for she'd been with a woman who'd hed 'em real. So Marsh he saddles up old Flyaway and brings Dr. Heartsease, and the doctor he takes a pinch of snuff deliberate like, and looks at her tongue, and feels her pulse, and finds out as how she's a-playing 'possum the worst kind; and says he to Tildy, says he,

"Jest bring me up a big pitcher of b'iling water—of *b'iling water;* b'iling hot, remember—and a tin tunnel!"

"Whatever in the world are you going for ter do, doctor?" says Tildy.

"Never you mind, Tildy," says he. "I'm going ter cure her up; you jest run and bring me a big pitcher of b'iling hot water and a tin tunnel." Then, while Tildy was gone for 'em, says he ter the patient, "Now, Miss Marigold, if you don't come out of that there fit of yourn," and he spoke mighty stern like, "my treatment is, in such cases, ter pour the b'iling water down the patient's throat through the tin tunnel." And, bless you, she come right out of it afore the b'iling water and the tin tunnel got up stairs.

"I feel better now," says she; "but ain't that rather severe treatment, doctor?" for, you see, she believed he meant to do it.

"In severe cases," says he, "we use severe measures;" and then he took another pinch of snuff, and said good-by, and Marsh sent her over to see her folks that afternoon, for fear she'd have a relapse. You see, Lucy Ellen hadn't no chance ter grow up as she'd oughter; since she was a child she heerd her mother act out, and tell all sort of white fibs—such as how Marsh wanted her ter hev help, and she herself wouldn't hear to it, nor be bothered with a servant about the house, a-putting their fingers inter the jam, and a-stealing of the clothes off one's back, when Lucy Ellen hed heerd her father say that he couldn't afford it noway; and how Mr. Marigold wanted her to hev a Leghorn bonnet and French flowers, but, for her part, she thought it would be a wicked folly when so many heathen hedn't anything but a fig leaf, when Marsh hed only said that she might hev her old straw whitened and pressed over, and Lucy knew that the heathen'd never git anything better if they looked ter her; and then she'd tell how Marsh wanted ter buy another horse, when Lucy knew he hed ter sell Flyaway to pay off part of a mortgage. Oh, I tell you, they were the greatest cases for stretching of the stocking out of all kind of shape, so you'd hardly hev know'd what it was in the first place, and, of course, Lucy Ellen got ter be a chip of the old block. When she and her mother'd got up their bonnets all by theirselves, they'd make folks think they'd bought 'em over ter Shopville, and all that sort of deceit. They used ter make as though they hed plum-cake for tea regular, and damson preserves was common as dirt, and green tea was a drug, and loaf-sugar no great shakes. But, gracious, you couldn't hev got the young fellows ter believe a word of it ag'in Lucy Ellen; she'd jest bewitched 'em out of their senses with her brown eyes and her blushes, and her airs and graces; they'd 'a kissed the ground she walked on, but she jest amused herself, and then flung 'em over, as her mother did afore her. And she *was* a pretty piece, for all her silly notions, for, you see, she looked a sight higher than any of the neighbours' sons. Bless you, I doubt if there was a match ter please her in all the country round, she hed such a mind ter be a fine lady, and not bring the water to wash her hands; she thought it was downright vulgar ter work for your living, or ter be seen doing it; and you might know when the Marigolds was house-cleaning, for there wasn't a blind left open; and washing-days you might have pulled at the bell till all was blue afore you'd raised anybody, and they hung their clothes in the attic.

But one day she got her comeupance. You see, every spring the court comes down here, and a heap of lawyers along with it—fine looking gentlemen, with kid gloves on their hands, and a lot of notions in their heads, and bags full of papers and things. Wa'al, one morning there comes a young Mr. Barrister along with them, as handsome as a pictur, and with manners like silk, and any number of cases ter look ter. The moment he clapped his eyes on Lucy Ellen he was a lost man. Law sakes, the pains he took ter git interduced to her! I heerd tell as how he lost several cases that term, and his clients was mighty cut up. But Lucy Ellen, she always seemed ter go upon the principle that the more bother she put a fellow ter the better he'd like her for it; and I guess she hed the rights of it. So she hung back like sixty, and jest flirted with him across the court-room, and on the street with her eyes, till, by-and-by, he cornered her one day, and got downright acquainted. It was all along of her being run away with by young Reuben Fleet's pony. You see, he was a-taking her out ter drive, and just got out ter the post-office for half a minute, when, whisk! off went the pony like mad. Mr. Barrister, he was jest a-coming out of the court-house with a witness, and he seed his chance, and "went for that heathen Chinee" of a pony, and stopped him jest as Lucy Ellen was on the p'int of losing her senses and being throwed out of the carriage. Wa'al, of course, after that they couldn't stand on ceremony no more; he'd saved her life, and sprained his own arm, and nothing ter do but he must come up to Pa Marigold's and be made much of, and Lucy Ellen bound up his arm in cold baths as tender as a sweetheart; and every day he had to go and report himself till the arm got all right. And then, after they'd got him into training, he went of his own will, jest like a piece of machinery that hed once got an impetuous. He used ter slip out of court between the calling of his cases, and clip over ter Marigold's place and have a chat along with Lucy Ellen in the best parlor, that always made you sneeze ter go inter it, or out in the porch, where she was mostly sitting, sewing like a lady in her muslin gowns and curls and necklaces and whatnots that the other young fellows hed given her. Oh, I tell you, he was that much in love with her that the Marigolds thought it was a sure thing—though he'd never said nothing in particular; and I heerd tell as how Miss Marigold hed begun to stone the raisins for the wedding-cake, and looked at Swiss muslins and delusion lace over to Shopville. But there's many a hole in the skimmer, and one of 'em was big enough for Lucy Ellen's beau ter slip through. It was enough ter make your heart big with envy and wish yourself young ag'in, with a blush in your cheek, and a fortune in your eyes, to see her and Mr. Barrister together, a-walking to meeting, and a-loitering along the way, and a-hanging over the gate in the twilights, and a-sailing off at sunset on the river. Wa'al, we can't be young but onst. How he used ter look at her, with his soul in them great eyes of his'n, and every word she said was law and gospel to his ears. Them was heydays for Lucy Ellen, and they might hev lapped over ter this time if she'd hed a proper respect for the truth, and not 'a tried to deceive and hoodwink him as was honest as daylight with her, and would hev thought all the better of her for being capable and doing her duty. But there, it was the way she was brought up: "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." It was second natur for her ter make believe, and I don't know as she could help it, no more'n she could help looking like an apple blossom. Dear, dear! how every body was a-talking about what a handsome couple they'd be, and what a match it was for Lucy Ellen, and a-looking forward to the wedding fixings, and ter dreaming on the wedding-cake, and a-planning it all out for her, as folks do! He used ter bring her books of verses, and read 'em sitting on the door-step at Lucy Ellen's feet, and she thinking of goodness knows what, for I doubt if she understood a word of 'em, though she made believe mighty natural and pretty: she knew how.

One day when he drove her over ter Shopville he asked what number of glove she wore.

"The last pair I bought," said she, "was sixes." And so they were. They'd got, by mistake, you see, in among the sevens, and she'd hed to sell 'em ter Hitty Haven for half price. So Mr. Barrister he goes and buys the hansomest pair of sixes, the color of the lilock bushes, and all perfumed up; and Lucy Ellen she thanks him in her pretty innocent way, and puts 'em out of sight; and soon as ever his back's turned, over she skips ter Shopville, by herself, and gits a pair of sevens; and when he comes ter walk ter meeting with her next Sunday, says she, smiling up at him sweet as musk,—

"I shall never put on my beautiful gloves, Mr. Barrister, without thinking of you."

"I wish they might last for ever, then," said he. And I'll be bound that Lucy Ellen's heart gave a great thrill of pain and delight, jest as mine did when her father—But there, that's nothing to do with Lucy Ellen, only I'll be bound she thought he was going for ter say something worth hearing. But he never did say anything nigher to it. She's got them lilock sixes hid away among her finery to this day, dreadful witnesses of her folly. Perhaps she keeps 'em as a kind of reminder of her sins—as penance, you know—though, goodness knows, she's suffered for 'em. Wa'al, I sometimes think troubles is sent for our advantage, to learn us things we wouldn't hev no idee of without 'em. Now if Lucy Ellen hed merried Mr. Barrister, and things hed gone on smooth, and she'd 'a lived in grandeur all her days, like as not she'd 'a gone on deceiving and making believe to the end of the chapter, without ever seeing the harm or quite knowing what she was a-doing of; but one day comes along this here disappointment, and sort of stirs the soul up, and sets it ter wondering what it's all for; and she goes ter thinking and reflecting about herself, and the upshot is that Lucy Ellen Marigold isn't the same girl to-day as she was the last time she set eyes on Mr. Barrister. You see the term of court was drawing ter a close, and Mr. Barrister he was as deep in love as ever, when, that last day, he went over to Marigold's place, round by Farmer Knowles's cider-mill, and up the lane where the wild roses grew, that led by Miss Marigold's kitchen windows; and going by, natural enough, he looked in, without a thought of doing anything unhandsome, or peeking where he wasn't wanted ter, and there, with her sleeves rolled up over her white, round arms, with her cheeks like twin roses, eyes like jewels, stood Lucy Ellen, ironing away the week's washing for dear life, and humming a love-song. Of course she didn't see *him*, though he stood stock-still for a full minute, drinking in the loveliness and deftness of her. Then he walked round ter the fore door and pulled the bell. There was some delay in answering of the door, and then Miss Marigold herself opened it, smiling like summer.

"Wouldn't Mr. Barrister walk in? So glad to see him."

Mr. Barrister went in, heart as light as a feather, and his mind made up, I don't doubt, ter ask Lucy Ellen to be his'n.

"Can I see Miss Lucy?" said he.

"Ahem!" said she, a-colouring and clearing her throat; "Lucy Ellen will be in presently, I guess; she stepped out a while ago ter make a call up to Squire Tendoms. I'm expecting her back any moment."

Can't you see the young man's face at such wonderful news, the eyes big with astonishment and pain? I wonder which he believed at that fust moment, his own ears or his own eyes?

"Miss Lucy has gone out, has she?" he said, taking up his hat and looking queer.

"Yes. Oh, don't be thinking of going, Mr. Barrister; she left word that she'd be back in a jiffy" (pushing open the blind), "and I was ter keep who called. There, I do believe she's coming now; no; but she'll be back afore long, depend on't." And then she fell ter telling him big stories about the Marshes and the Swamps, and a pot of gold that was said ter be buried on the place, nobody knew where, and it didn't matter; and Mr. Barrister jest answered "No," and "Yes," and "Ah," without hearing a word of it all, till Miss Marigold began for ter think him the miserablest company in the world, when, by and by, the fore-door opened, and in came my lady, Lucy Ellen, flushed and beaming, dressed in her good clothes, with her sunshade and her violet gloves.

"Oh, Mr. Barrister," she cried, "have you been here long? How glad I am ter see you!" And then she stopped and changed colour at the strange, strange look in her lover's eyes—or the eyes that hed been her lover's an hour ago—which hed took on a terrible sadness.

"I am going away," said he then. "I wish ter bid you good-by and ter thank you for—for much pleasure and many—many hospitalities."

"But you will come this way ag'in, and come ter see us?" said Lucy Ellen, lighting up, thinking he only wanted a little encouragement. "We hev not lost you altogether?"

"No, Miss Lucy, I shall never come this way ag'in. You *hev* lost me altogether, if that is anything; and I—I hev lost more than any one; I hev lost my faith in womanhood." And then he took up his hat ag'in and bowed himself out, and they never set eyes on him ag'in. And them's jest the reasons why Lucy Ellen Marigold never got merried.

THE *Bombay Gazette* learns from Rajcote, by a letter dated the 25th, that a great sensation was created at that place by the arrival on that day, in the Agency compound, of two carts freighted with the dead bodies of five men, Grassias of the village Peepundee under H.H. the Jam of Nowanugger. It appears that these unfortunate men were shot dead, and five others mortally wounded, by order of the Nuggur authorities of the village Kundoorna, owing to some disputes regarding boundaries. We are informed that none of these unfortunate men, nor any of the villagers of Peepundee, were armed, and the fact of the Nuggur people having rushed upon and butchered such a large number of these inoffensive people shows premeditation on their part, and a reckless abuse of their power towards helpless Grassias, who are powerless to resist the encroachments of their chiefs. An investigation into the circumstances connected with this tragedy is going on.

GENERAL CHANGARNIER, whose friends, according to a widely circulated telegram, were very uneasy about an attack of gout in his stomach, writes to the papers to say that he never had gout in his life, and is in excellent health.

THE HUNTED FAMILY.

I SUPPOSE that San Francisco is as safe and pleasant a capital to reside in as any in the world now; but it was not so when I first went there—some twenty years ago. It had sprung up like Aladdin's palace on the discovery of gold in California, and as the thousands who flocked thither were too delirious with the yellow metal fever—too wild to get up to the beds of wealth, to think about laws, regulations, or police, every one did what was right in his own eyes; and vice and crime went to the wickets together, got hold of the ball, and had a grand innings. When the Anglo-Saxon love of order began to resume its sway, matters grew worse, for the vilest criminals managed to assume the chief authority, and carried on wholesale murder and pillage under the guise of protecting the citizens. This kind of thing could not last long; self-protection necessitated the establishment of lynch law, carried out by a Vigilance Committee, of which I was one of the most active members. I was very young, indeed I ought properly to have been an Oxford freshman at the time; but my poor father took a very harsh view of a little peccadillo I got into, and—ah, well, well!—I was young, I repeat, but knocking about the world matures a man rapidly, and somehow I took a lead, and it was generally considered that I was the principal agent in bringing certain members of the most dangerous confederation in the town to rough justice. This was a band of desperadoes headed by a clever, daring, enterprising villain, known as Tom Blood—probably a sobriquet, and, if so, one as appropriate as horrible. We could not catch this leader, but we hung up his four most reckless followers. Mr. Blood was aware to whom he was indebted for this spoiling of his game, and honoured me with an autograph letter, in which he confessed that it was my hour of triumph just then, but promised to be even with me one day. And he confirmed this assertion with oaths which might make a Ribbonman's blood run cold.

Some time after that I joined an expedition to Nicaragua, where I happened to become very intimate with a Spanish family. I played chess with the father, the sons taught me how to use the lasso, and the daughter lassoed me herself. So I married and settled—settled literally, not in your sense. I bought land, and sheep, and oxen, and built a house, and led the life of the early colonist who has to clear away the forest before he can plant his crops. It was rather lonely, when one had time to think about it, for our nearest neighbour lived ten miles off, and he was a deadly enemy. The fact was that he and I had both wanted the same land—a fertile tract on the inland slope of the mountains rising to the south of the Great Lake; and I believe that I was unduly favoured in the allotment through the influence of my father-in-law, which was considerable. At all events, the other fellow, Enrico, thought so, and loved me accordingly. Indeed, I happened to be the only "Yankee," as I was considered, in the immediate district, and my matrimonial success had excited some jealousy in Granada.

Another matter affected me much more. I often had to make the journey to Greytown on business, and on one of these occasions I went into the bar of the principal hotel, and suddenly found myself face to face with Tom Blood. I caught hold of my pistol, expecting him to shoot, but he didn't. He only smiled, if you call the grimace the fellow made by that name, and said that he was glad to see me.

"I can't jest pay thet little account we hev together on the nail," he said, "but I won't keep yer waiting long; no!"

"Take your time; I have a receipt in full ready for you at any moment," I replied, as defiantly as possible. But I was startled; I had a wife and child now. The course of events did not tend to reassure me; the country was in a very disturbed state, and Tom Blood, whose name soon began to grow a terror, espoused the political cause which was favored by Enrico, and the two were seen together by one of my brothers-in-law.

One day I had been out felling trees at a distance, and was returning in the evening, when, about two miles from home, I met my wife, with her baby in her arms, and looking wild. A stranger had ridden up, and asked for me, saying that there was an appointment. She had invited him in and given him food, but his manner was so queer that she took fright, and, making an excuse about attending to supper, had slipped out. Surprised not to see any of our people about, she went to the stable; it was empty! the horse of the stranger being picketed in front of the house, and our own—gone!

Thoroughly alarmed, she had come to meet me, and now urged immediate flight. I demurred to this—the man might really have come to buy bullocks; but the disappearance of the horses? Queer, certainly; yet it was a serious thing to leave home and property, not to mention the exposure of a woman to a long night march.

I determined to go back, and judge whether her presentiment was well founded. Before we had gone far, however, I saw a glint among the trees in the distance, and threw myself down amongst the bushwood, whispering my wife to do the same and keep the child from crying. Two men rode leisurely up, following the path close to which we lay hid. One of them was speaking.

"Oh, he is strong enough to hold half-a-dozen such as Mildmay. He will seize him when he hears the whistle: then we rush in and——"

Here the cold-blooded villain threatened horrors, in language the brutality of which I was thankful for: it prevented my wife, whose acquaintance with English was as yet imperfect, from understanding him.

I recognised the voice of Tom Blood!

They passed on.

There was no question now about the necessity for flight. My plan was to cross the mountain ridge, strike the bridle-path, which took the route of the cataract, descend to the shores of the lake, take boat, and cross to Granada. Once down by the lake we were safe; for, though I could not reckon the people in the small settlement there as my friends, they were honest folks, and would not see me ruined and murdered by men like Tom Blood were it but for their own security. The distance was about thirty miles only, but such miles! part through tangled forest; part over steep mountain paths. Alone, indeed, I should have thought nothing of it; but how could my wife, burdened as she was—for I had to use my axe too often to be able to carry the child—how could she bear it? No use asking that; it had to be done.

Night soon fell upon us with tropical suddenness; and, after we had gone some five miles, our progress was slow, for I had to clear the brushwood at every step, disturbing many a noisome, deadly reptile, which glided hissing away. We feared them not, for they sought not to harm those who left them in peace; it was man, Cain-stamped man, that we dreaded.

Five hours' work, and the wood grew thinner, huge masses of rock bulging up amongst the trees. Then I was able to take the child, and we pressed on, up, up, toward the summit of the ridge. The trees grew yet sparser, until there were but a few clumps of dwarfed firs here and there; and we were often forced to halt. I heard the sound of the ever-roaring cataract, and we knew we were among the precipices. Nothing but the most immediate peril would have justified our pursuing our course by night; for though the path was familiar to me by daylight, it was easily missed in the dark, and there were many places where a false step would be fatal. Then how should our enemies trace us? how guess the route we had taken? We crouched under the lee of a sheltering rock—for at that altitude the air was cold, and my wife was lightly clad—and rested. Fortunately, my flask was not empty, and I had the remains of my midday meal in my pocket; we finished what there was, and watched for the dawn. The baby cried with the cold, and even in that solitude I shuddered, lest the sound should betray us.

Light in the east at last. We hastened on, and soon came in sight of the bridge over the cataract. One of the tributaries of the Great Lake made two leaps here as it rushed along its rocky course—the first, a shorter one of some thirty feet, into a pool where its volume was swelled by the rush of another mountain torrent which sprang simultaneously from the side; then a terrible, appalling, suicidal dash into the unknown depths. The edge of this water-paved abyss was broken by a mass of rock which rose above the torrent, and this had been made use of as the centre buttress of a rude bridge. A fragile passage over such a nasty place—merely a couple of poles laid perpendicularly from a peak which actually hung over the cataract, and a few logs nailed across them; then a similar continuation to the further side. But the traveller to the shores of the Great Lake must cross there, or go ten miles out of his way; so that the most delicate nerves must have braced themselves to the passage. Of course, we inhabitants thought nothing of it; we hailed the sight of it now with joy, indeed.

Hark! the bay of a bloodhound? I glanced along the way we had come, and saw our pursuers—a dozen of them at least, two on horseback.

"Take the child!—quick!" cried I. "Cross the bridge, turn to the left, keep to the natural steps close to the brink, and you are safe!"

She ran lightly over, holding the child. I followed as far as the centre rock, and commenced cutting away the main poles of the bridge with my axe; and I doubt whether woodman ever made his tool fly faster or bite deeper. On they came—it was time-work with a vengeance! Not on my wedding-day did I feel half the joy with which I now saw that frail woodwork part, swing back, and flash down the precipice just as the enemy came up. I stepped across the other half of the bridge to where my wife had passed, to see the effect of my efforts; then she turned in the direction I had bidden her—not too soon, for a bullet struck the spot where she had been standing. I was about to spring after her, when I perceived that a man so reckless as Blood might, by a desperate leap, reach the centre rock, while to jump from thence to our side was impossible; there was no run, and the landing was narrow and slippery. I had cut the wrong bridge! The only remedy was to chop this down, too, and I began to do it. The cloud of spray partially concealed me; but that the villains could make out what I was at was proved by several more pistol-bullets pattering against the rock behind me. But the rascals were out of breath, and could not shoot straight. Half-a-dozen blows, and the ruin of the bridge was complete; then a few steps took me out of sight of the pursuers, and to the side of my brave little wife.

"Safe!" I shouted in her ear, as I took the baby from her—my girl, whom you know.

Before the heat of the day we were safe at the lake; on the following morning we crossed to Granada. It was touch and go, though; the bloodhound nearly beat us.

That wretch, Tom Blood, got off scot-free for the time; but I had the pleasure of witnessing his being hanged six months later. Mrs. Mildmay never liked the old place afterwards, though, so I sold everything off at an alarming sacrifice, and went back to California, where I made my pile, as the Yanks say. But I doubt if I should ever have come back to the old country, if it had not given me a sort of disgust to have been hunted like a nigger—hum—I mean like a fox.

THE *Civil Service Gazette* says the change which has recently been introduced into the currency of Ceylon has rendered it desirable that Sir Hercules Robinson, the present Governor, should remain some time longer in the colony in order to carry out the reform. Lord Kimberley has, therefore, conveyed to Sir Hercules a request from the Lords of the Treasury to this effect, and the departure of Mr. W. H. Gregory, the Governor-nominate, will be deferred until some time next year. For the present there will, consequently, be no vacancy in the representation of Galway.

MALPRACTICES IN NEW YORK.

THE *New York Times* exposes disgraceful practices in that city, to which attention has been called by the recent discovery of the body of a woman in a trunk at a railway station. That journal says:—"Thousands of human beings are murdered before they have seen the light, and thousands upon thousands of adults are irremediably ruined in constitution, health, and happiness. So secretly are these crimes committed, and so craftily do the perpetrators inveigle their victims, that it is next to impossible to obtain evidence and witnesses. The men and women engaged in this outrageous business are, with few exceptions, the worst class of impostors; very few have genuine medical diplomas. The female practitioners generally have been nurses or midwives. Almost invariably they are in partnership with a man 'doctor,' and are entitled 'madame,' or in some cases 'doctor.' Lady patients, of course, prefer calling upon a 'madame' in delicate cases, and are willing to converse freely with her. . . They compound and prescribe the most dangerous drugs with reckless disregard of human suffering and life, and venture upon operations that are always hazardous, and not unfrequently fatal. The case of most recent notoriety was that of Dr. Evans, who was recently convicted and sentenced in the Court of General Sessions to five years' imprisonment in the State Prison. In his horrible den were found evidences of guilt of the most conclusive nature. Human flesh, supposed to have been the remains of infants, was found in barrels of lime and acid undergoing decomposition. He came here from Scotland about twenty years ago, with no medical education whatever. Stubborn energy, active perseverance, and undaunted boldness appear to have forced his guilty success. Shameless advertisements of 'relief for ladies in trouble' are admitted into certain journals, and it is said that this man advertised to the extent of 1,000 dols. per week, and received a daily average of 400 letters, most of which enclosed money for pills. A gentleman recently called at an office in this city, and was ushered into a room, the door of which was closed and locked. 'Are you Dr. M—?' was asked. 'Yes; what can I do for you?' was the smiling reply, accompanied with a keen penetrating gaze. 'I called to ascertain if you could relieve a lady of a physical difficulty.' (Describing the case). 'I can, sir.' 'Without danger?' 'Yes, sir—have had thousands of cases; have them all the time, and never had any trouble at all.' 'How long will it take, where will she be treated, and what are the terms?' 'A week or less, and I can find accommodation, up town, very elegant, and the terms will be reasonable. But I must see the lady first before I say anything further.' This man was formerly a printer; but Madame R., his reputed wife, induced him to abandon that occupation. At her house, at a door labelled 'office,' a lady and gentleman recently called. They say:—'We were ushered into a small, darkened room, and had just sat down when the madame herself entered. "Well, and what can I do for you?" she asked. "Can you relieve a lady of a physical difficulty?" "That depends upon circumstances." A suppositious case was stated, and she promptly replied, "There will be no difficulty about that. Of course, such affairs are expensive, you know. The charge will be —." Just then a sharp, quick rap was heard upon the door, and a voice from without exclaimed, "Ma, I want to speak with you a moment." The madame then retired, and we could hear a brief but rapid colloquy. The next instant she returned, and, in evident trepidation, said, "I can sell you some pills, but really we do no other business. We have had so much trouble about these matters we don't take any more risks. In all the six years that we have lived in this house a stranger has never slept under the roof—none, in fact, but our own family."' Other parties who have been there had a different experience. Only the police authorities have anything like an adequate idea of the gigantic dimensions of this evil. Every day adds new indications. That the number of murders from this cause is not generally known is easily accounted for. All the parties interested have the strongest motives to unite in hushing up the scandal. An advertisement has for a long time appeared from Madame G., female physician, who 'guarantees relief to all female complaints—pleasant rooms for nursing;' and there is a like advertisement from Dr. G. They have a house capable of accommodating about twenty patients. A lady and gentleman recently called there, and thus relate what passed:—'Madame addressed us: "My dear friends," she said, "we can do what you hint at. I understand the case. We have hundreds of them. Poor unfortunate women! How little the world knows how to appreciate their trials. We think it our mission to take them and save them—a noble work it is, too. But for some friendly hand like ours how many, many blasted homes, scandalised churches, and disorganised social circles there would be. Why, my dear friends, you have no idea of the class of people that come to us. We have had senators, congressmen, and all sorts of politicians bring some of the first women in the land here. Many, very many, aristocratic married women come here, or we attend them in private houses." "What are your charges, madame?" "Three hundred dollars cover all expenses, and we see the patient through—unless it occupies more than a week. Then we charge an extra medical fee and board money." "What about the child?" "Well, we adopt it out in good hands. One hundred dollars extra is our fee for that." "But if not a child, what then?" A quick rolling and flash of her glittering black eyes, a sprightly nod of the head, a finger placed on the lips, a knowing look, and "sh—," was the pantomimic reply; "we understand every branch of our business," she exclaimed, with peculiar emphasis.' . . . . The mails go burdened with the circulars of such people, and come laden with money enclosures for 'pills,' 'drops,' and other vile humbugs. The best home firesides in the land have been invaded by these advertisements. To what a frightful extent this outrage is increasing few can realise."

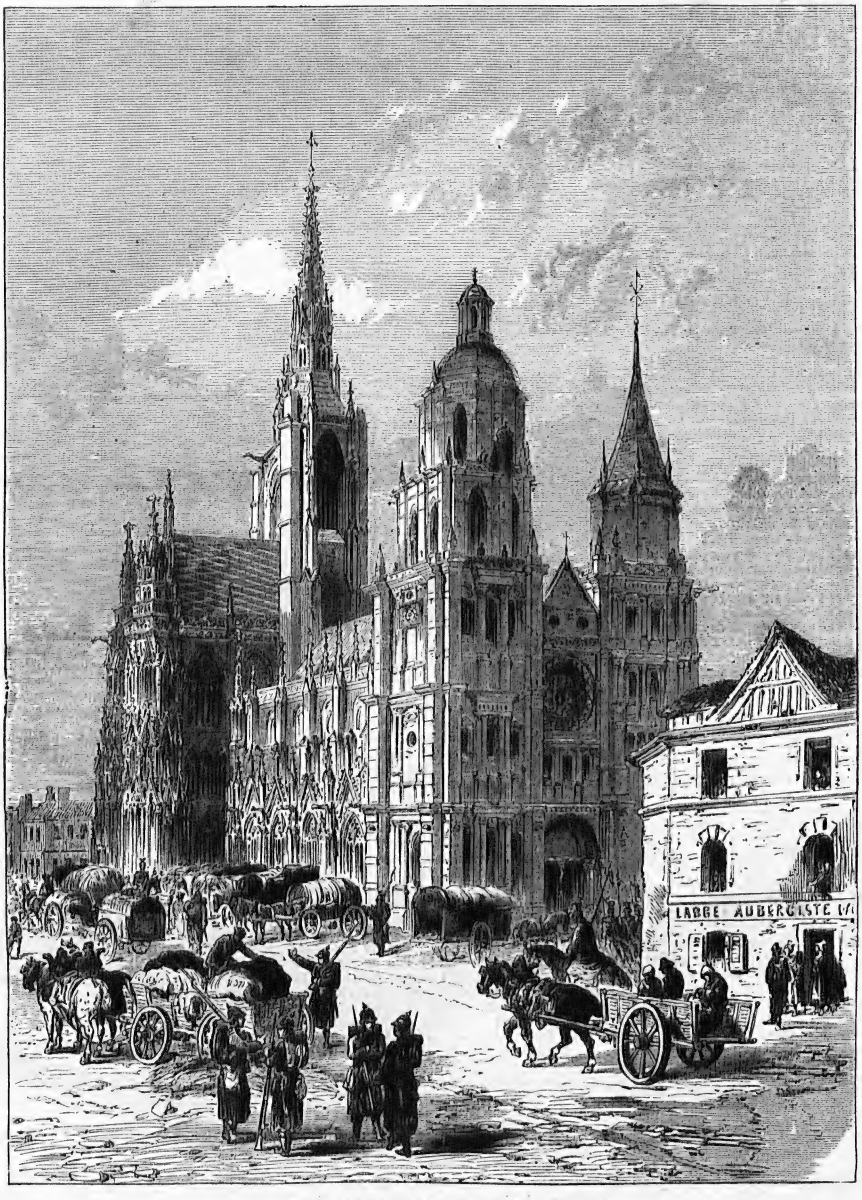
THE TIGER SENTINEL.

According to Indian custom, the evening meal had been taken long after sundown; and it was striking a quarter to midnight when I and another lady, bidding farewell to numerous friends, started on our route "down the country"—*vide* Anglo-Indian phraseology. Trains were not the mode of locomotion in those days, and only about twenty miles of rail—from Calcutta to a French settlement called Serampore—had been accomplished, under the difficulties of the monsoon and the fierce meridian sun.

My friend and I, attired in loose morning wrappers, reclined comfortably, at full length, in the commodious "palanquins" that everybody has heard of. On a shelf above our feet were the usual provisions for such a journey—wine, biscuits, and a big vial full of laudanum, or ginger—travellers in India bearing in mind that an attack of cholera, or some such ghostly visitant, might easily present itself amidst the forests, many a mile distant from medical aid, or even from any European habitation.

Side by side we jolted along, with the ordinary monotonous "grunt" of the men who carried us. We were transported so evenly and in such close vicinity, that we were enabled to chat comfortably together. On the outer side of our conveyances, the "Masalwallahs" flourished their torches aloft, renovating the light continually by drops of oil from a rude sort of pipkin, and appearing themselves, in their half-nude figures and ebon physiognomies, the impersonation of those horrible hobgoblins that are held in terrorism over children's heads in the nursery. On we went, through the brushwood, over sandy plains, beneath luxuriant mango-topes, between vistas of fragrant baubal, crushing down ruthlessly fields of the green grain, intersected by nettles; wading through ditches of water, and never halting on our steady progress, save for a few seconds, to allow of a change in the shoulders of our human "beasts" of burden. Every five miles of our journey, out of the gradually-deepening darkness of the night, loomed the dusky forms of the "relay," emerging, weird-like and fantastic, from some tumble-down "serai," or roadside inn, with hubble-bubbles in hand, and sleep heavy on their lids.

At length the brushwood began to grow taller and taller, the boughs of trees struck against the palanquins as we passed, the feet of the bearers glided with a rustle through the long, tangled grass, and the light from the stars grew dimmer each moment, as the thick foliage of the jungle met in a canopy overhead; and our carriers, fatigued, forgot to replenish the oil of the torches, that burnt gradually more and more faintly. Sleep overcame us as well, and my friend and I were fast falling into the arms of Morpheus, when, all of a sudden, down went our conveyances, touching each other, with an awful thud on the hard ground; and, shrieking out, "Sarc!" (tiger), the cowardly natives, leaving us to our fate, scampered off as quickly as their legs could take them into the pervading gloom.



THE CATHEDRAL OF EVREUX.

Our first instinct of preservation was to bang to the outer doors of our fragile fort and double-lock them; our next action was to clasp one another's hands, and send up a prayer to Providence for our safety. Breathless we sat, straining every nerve to catch each trivial sound, and not daring to speak.

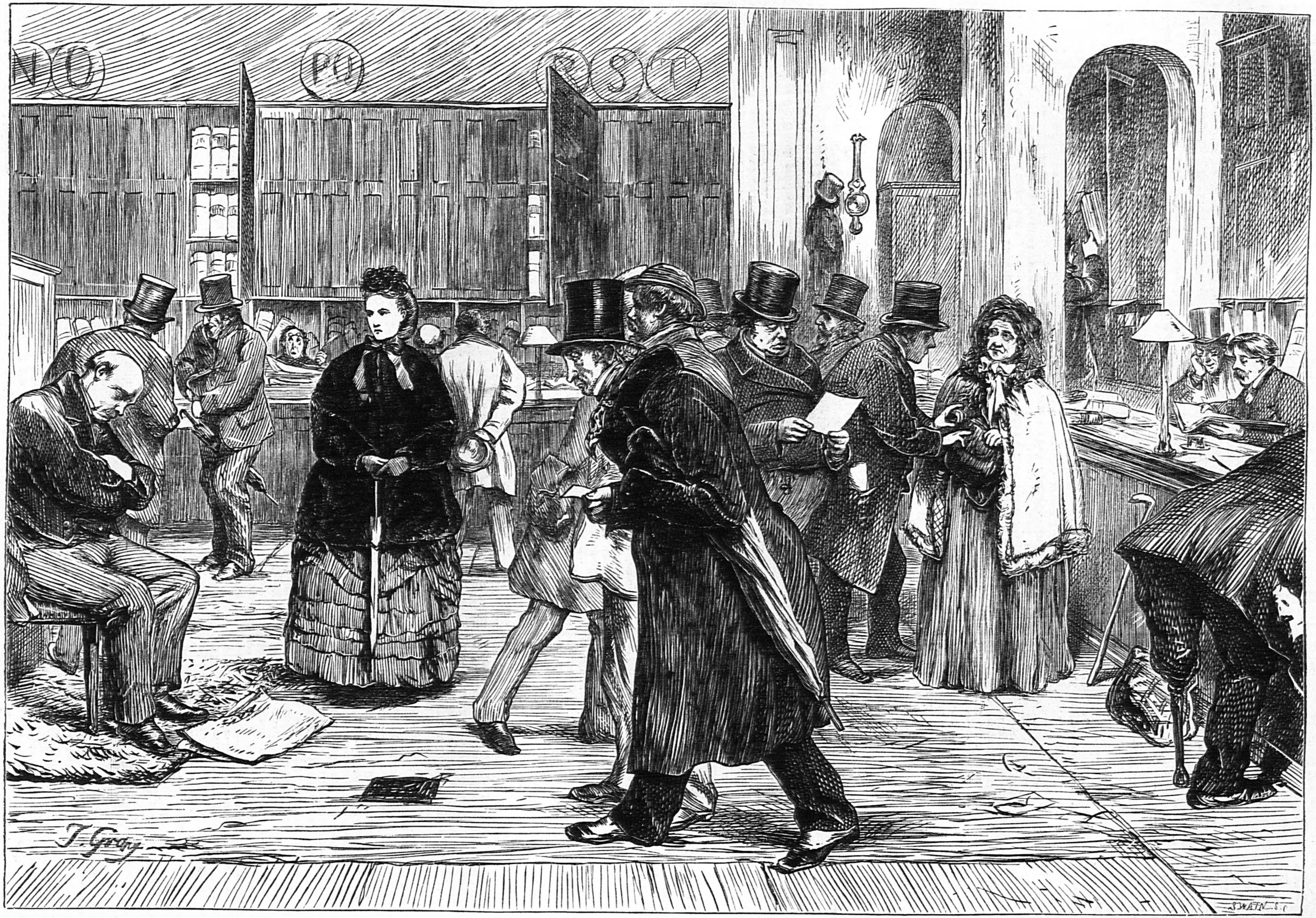
Round the palanquins the animal kept stalking, like a sentinel with a measured tread, switching his heavy tail against the door, and doubtless scenting the dainty fare that awaited, in indescribable agony, the success of his efforts to arrive at it; then his movements became more energetic, and we heard him grating himself against the sides; and then, all of a sudden, he seemed to spring and fall heavily on the roof of our paltry stronghold. Oh, who could describe the terror that we felt! and each minute that lagged on its course seemed to lengthen into hours, or even days. What on earth was to become of us we knew not; deserted by our attendants in the midst of the thickest jungle, and with no apparent means of escape from the bloodthirsty brute, who never appeared to weary of his efforts to force himself through our brittle walls.

Supposing the natives did not return to us, of food we had a paucity, and the small supply of water we had brought had already been used to assuage the thirst of a sultry night of the Indian summer. We dared not even open an aperture to the extent of an inch, that we might inhale a breath of air, for horror of confronting our deadly enemy. Fear and suspense grew each instant more insupportable, and firmer we held each other's hands, while big beads of perspiration gathered on our brows, and the loud beating of our hearts was audible in the awful silence that we kept. And still the time wore on, with no sign of succour.

A tiny streak of light glimmered suddenly between the roofs of the two palanquins, and we knew that the dawn was breaking with a soft roseate hue, and was peeping down upon our distress through the narrow interstices of the branches that were tightly interlaced together. And, with the first glimmer of day, hoarse unearthly yells resounded close by, and, thinking that all the wild beasts of the forest had broken loose upon us, we gave ourselves up for dead women.

Then the light grew blood-red, as with a fearful jerk, the palanquins were pulled asunder; and we believed, for an instant, that we had descended into the infernal regions, as the torches glared brightly in our eyes and fell on the scared faces and uncouth gestures of the dastardly bearers, who had returned at last, accompanied by a score of wild-looking villagers, brandishing huge sticks on high, and vociferously acquainting us that the tiger had bolted, and we were safe!

A Countryman travelling for the first time on one of the South London tramways, and wishing to get out, gave a vigorous pull at the bell-strap extending along the centre of the car, and the result was a sharp ring from both bells. "What are you ringing both ends for?" exclaimed the irritated conductor. "Because I wish the thing to stop at both ends," replied the rustic.



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DIVIDEND DAY AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Government of India has sanctioned a grant in aid of 150 rupees per mensem to the United Service Institution of India for the promotion of naval and military art, science, and literature.

A REPORT comes from St. Petersburg that a camp of 150,000 men has been formed on the frontiers of Posen.

THE boot and shoe makers of Carlisle have struck for increased wages.

THE Wolverhampton School Board has resolved that accommodation is required for 12,000 additional children in the schools of the borough. It has resolved to apply the principle of compulsion, and to pay fees to denominational schools.

FEIZO BEY, Turkish Director-General of Telegraphs, has been replaced by Ahmed Bey, brother of the Grand Vizier.

THE hurricane which raged at St. Thomas and Antigua on the 21st ult. reached the Bahamas on the 22nd. The American vessels *C. D. Rulre*, *C. V. Williams*, and *Carolina*, and the English vessels *Lady Bird* and *Nellie Mowe* were wrecked. All hands were saved. The British vessel *Hamlet* lost one man overboard.

THE *Carlsruhe Gazette* announces that by a recent arrangement of the frontiers Germany gains all the ground west of Metz, to the distance of five or six leagues.

COMMENTING upon the case of the Roumanian bondholders, the *Solicitors' Journal* says it has been always understood that it is a necessary principle of international morality that the country is answerable for the contracts of its responsible government; and in the business of ordinary life it would be impossible to carry on commercial transactions if persons who have given a guarantee on the faith of which others have advanced their money were allowed to say that they were induced to do so by the fraud of some third person. But another ground is put forward which is of a totally different kind, and ought to be capable of an easy solution. The Roumanian Government, it seems, deny that their guarantee attaches until the railways are completed. This must surely be a simple question on the construction of the instruments, whatever they are, in which the guarantee is contained.

THE London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* believes Sir Robert Collier will vacate the office of Attorney-General, in order to accept the judicial seat now occupied by Lord Penzance, who is desirous of being transferred to the new appellate branch of the tribunal of the Privy Council.

M. MUNZINGER, of Soleure, French consul at Massowa, has been nominated governor of that place, by the Viceroy of Egypt.

THE proceeds of the lottery of German works of art, which was instituted for the benefit of the general fund for disabled German soldiers, amount to 48,000 florins. As a number of prizes fell to tickets which had not been disposed of, these works will be sold by auction, and it is probable that the entire sum thus realised by the patriotic exertions of German artists will amount to 60,000 florins.

THE display of siege operations at the School of Military Engineering, and the review of the troops stationed at Chatham garrison, which have been postponed two or three times, have now been fixed for the 6th of October.

ADVICES from the French provinces announce a deficiency of from 35,000,000 to 40,000,000 hectolitres in the wheat crop. This is, however, partly compensated by an abundant crop of barley and other grain.

THE neighbourhood of Arles is menaced with a plague of locusts, a swarm of which is advancing towards the plain of Bourg, after having devastated the Camargue.

"A RUMOUR is current in the diplomatic world," says the *Constitutionnel*, "that the Austrian Government is about to address to its representatives abroad a note on the subject of the interpretations to which the interviews of Gastein and Salzburg have given rise. The explanations that will be given will reduce to very small proportions the exaggerations in which the semi-official press of Berlin had indulged in announcing as concluded a treaty of alliance never contemplated by Austria."

M. MICHEL CHEVALIER attacks the Protectionist policy of the Government, and points out the disastrous effect that the policy must have on French commercial relations with England and Belgium.

THE eruption of Vesuvius has assumed renewed force. On the evening of the 17th the lava flowed abundantly, descending to the mouths of the Atrio, Cavallo, and Vetrana.

ACCORDING to the report of the Russian Minister of Finance for the year 1870, fifteen million roubles of the National Debt have been paid off during that year. Nine millions only were required for guaranteed payments on account of railways, instead of twenty-nine millions as estimated.

THE negotiations which have for some time been going on between the French Government and certain bankers were concluded on Saturday. The Prussian Government have agreed to accept towards payment of the indemnity 500 million francs in French Treasury Bonds, at five, six, and seven months, payable in London and Berlin, and guaranteed by the associated bankers, who of course are to receive a commission upon the transaction.

THE Portuguese Cortes have been closed by Royal decree until the 2nd of January, 1872. It is considered that in the meantime they will be dissolved and new elections held.

THE German Ambassador at Paris has lodged a most serious protest with the French Government against the recent excesses at Lyons, where Germans have been maltreated.

THE Spanish representative in Morocco has telegraphed to the Ministry of War that the Government of the Sultan has promised to punish the Riff pirates, and he adds that it is believed the Sultan will fulfil his promise.

THE *German Correspondent* says the endeavours to prevent the execution of the military convention concluded between Prussia and Hesse have been frustrated. It is, however, remarkable that in the debate of the Second Chamber the Adjutant-General of the Grand Duke voted against the convention. It is generally believed that the opposition to the measure was organised in the circles immediately surrounding the Grand Duke. It is not at present known whether Prussia has made any concessions, or given any assurances with respect to the treatment of the Hessian officers.

AT Carlisle, on Saturday, an Irish cattle dealer was fined £20 and costs for not reporting the foot-and-mouth disease to the authorities. Another dealer was also fined £20 for removing diseased cattle, and animals that had been in contact with diseased cattle, from the borough to the county. A third dealer was fined £3 for a similar offence.

SEVERAL Bonapartist candidates have come forward for the Councils-General elections in the department of the Gironde.

LAST week's mortality of Paris amounts to 832 deaths, of which 55 are from diarrhœa, 45 from bronchitis, 35 from dysentery, 17 from infantile cholera, and two from cholera. The general condition of the health of the metropolis is good.

AT a meeting of the colliery owners of South Yorkshire, held last week, it was agreed that the application of the miners for an advance of wages to the extent of 5 per cent. should be conceded. The advance will be participated in by about 7,000 persons.

THE General Staff in Berlin is preparing an official history of the campaign of 1870-71. Colonel Verdy du Vernois, Chief of Division in the General Staff, has been entrusted with the execution of the work. He is at present travelling in Pomerania, but on his return to Berlin he will at once commence the task for which he is so eminently qualified.

WE read in a letter addressed from Carlsruhe to the *Spenersche Zeitung*:—"A meeting of Ultramontane Catholics from all countries was held on the 3rd September at Einsiedeln, in Switzerland. This international conventicle counted, it is true, only thirty-eight members, but they were all persons of importance. Their principal object seems to have been to anathematise the Government of Baden on account of the resistance it offers to the pretensions of Ultramontanism."

THE foot-and-mouth disease in Northamptonshire is on the decline. Only 86 cases have been reported during the past week, against 135 cases in the preceding week. The Daventry and Northampton divisions have 30 and 22 cases respectively, Kettering has 14, Towcester 10, and Oundle and Brackley 5 each.

HERR STAEMPFLI has accepted the appointment of Swiss member of the Court of Arbitration on the *Alabama* question.

M. VINOY, the Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, acknowledges the subscriptions which have been received from England in aid of the fund which he is raising for restoring the palace and the offices of that body, which were destroyed by the Communists.

La Constitution announces that Rochefort refuses to appeal against his sentence.

THE Italian journals state that France has been lately importing cattle very largely from that kingdom. As many as 2,000 head a week are said to be brought in, most passing by the Col-di-Tende.

THE *Swiss Times* tells the following story:—"A little girl between four and five years old, the other day, took it into her head to take a trip by rail. She accordingly went to the station in Berne, and followed the crowds of people whom she observed were taking their seats in a train which was just about to start, and which proved to be going to Fribourg, Romont, and Lausanne. Of course, she never thought of taking a ticket. On she went to Romont—where she got out of the carriage, and thoroughly amused herself for several hours near the station. When she began to feel tired, she sat down in the waiting-room at the station, and went to sleep. On awaking, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, she inquired when she could go to Berne, and, on being told that the last train would arrive in about half an hour, she waited quietly until it came up, and then jumped in, and reached Berne shortly after nine o'clock at night. In the meantime, her parents had, of course, grown very anxious about her, and had searched every place where they thought she could possibly be, but, after a whole day's search, they were obliged to relinquish any further efforts until the next day. Our readers may imagine how surprised, but, at the same time, how deeply thankful they were, when their little lost sheep arrived safely home shortly before ten o'clock, telling them that she was very tired, but that she had a good deal to tell them about her journey, and by the time she had finished they had laughed so heartily at her adventures, and the quaint way in which she told them, that it was too late to scold her, and there was nothing to do but to put her to bed and make a resolve to keep a strict watch over the young lady in future."

AN American paper says that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, whose career in America has been hitherto confined to the giving of concerts, sacred and secular, will commence a series of operatic performances in New York in September. Her financial success has been of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of an *impressario* essaying to tempt her to return to any European opera-house. Within less than a year, it is stated on the best authority, the Swedish songstress cleared £30,000. It is probable that her transatlantic trip will close her artistic career, and that it will be followed by marriage and retirement into private life.

THE King of Denmark visited Baden-Baden last week. His Majesty is travelling *incognito*, under the name of Count Moen. He paid a visit of half an hour's duration to the Empress of Germany, and subsequently her Imperial Majesty returned the call. The King left Baden in the evening.

THE *Scindian* is responsible for the following:—"Advices from Jhangara, in the Sehwan-talooka, state that about forty miles from the first-named place, on the hills, a thunderbolt fell on the 22nd, after a heavy downpour; the ground was literally cut up in consequence, and the whole of the huts standing there, with their inmates, were swallowed by the chasms. Such a catastrophe was never known in Scinde within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. It is computed that some fifty or sixty individuals perished on the occasion."

THE fifth ascent of the Matterhorn this year has been made (the *Swiss Times* says) by Mr. Fowler, an Irish gentleman, accompanied by the guides, C. Knubel and J. Lochmatter, of St. Nicholas.

THE *Calcutta Englishman* of the 19th ult. says:—"The children of the Lawrence Military Asylum, having as usual a half-holiday on Wednesday, were taken out for a ramble in charge of two sergeants. When out of the bounds of the institution the children were, I believe, dismissed, and allowed to go *ad libitum* whither they chose, provided they returned by a certain hour in the evening. Three boys made their way down the valley, and their object of attraction apparently lay beyond a mountain torrent, which was raging with ten times its usual force, on account of the previous night's rain. The three lads, one of fifteen and the other two about thirteen years each, attempted to cross the foaming rapid. The three joined their hands and began the fatal march. When they neared the centre of the stream the middle boy let go the hand of the eldest, and the two youngest in an instant were taken off their legs and carried along by the impetus of the stream. Unfortunately for the poor lads, not fifty yards down the stream there was a cataract about twenty feet in fall, and over this they were hurled. The angry torrent, not satisfied with this, swept them over many a rock, and down many a crevasse, before the bodies, now evidently extinct of life, could find rest. The third boy, the eldest, after being let go in the stream, held on to a rock which was happily near him; and gradually retraced his steps in safety. He went back to the school and gave the alarm, but no traces could be found that evening, as the darkness of the night soon overshadowed all. Next day the bodies were found, mangled in a fearful way; the chief injuries were in the face and head. It is a pity that the children were allowed out on such a day, when roaring torrents and falling landslips were the order of the day."

THE *Levant Herald* has the following:—"The new Grand Vizier has introduced an innovation at the Porte which will tend greatly to the convenience of the public. It has been hitherto the practice, in the majority of cases, for persons having business to transact with the Grand Vizier, particularly if of a special and personal character, to repair to his highness's private residence at Bebeck or elsewhere, which often, when he was found to be absent, involved great disappointment and inconvenience. Mahmoud Pacha has now decided to receive visitors regularly at the Porte daily, from five in the morning Turkish time (now about eleven a.m. European time), except on Tuesdays and Sundays, when the Councils of Ministers meet, and on Fridays, which are always *dies non* at the Porte. A waiting room has been fitted up close adjoining his highness's own cabinet for the reception of all persons seeking an audience, and a functionary specially appointed to receive and introduce them in the order of their arrival."

THE "yellow-shanked sandpiper" *(totanus flavipes)* became another valuable addition to the Cornish list of birds last week by an adult male specimen having been captured by Mr. Edward Vingoe near Marazion Bridge. Mr. Newman, in his edition of Montagu's work on "British Birds," refers, but with some doubt about its authenticity as to being British killed, to the only other example of this American species, which is reported to have been killed in Lincolnshire. We can, therefore, almost claim the present specimen as the first good British bird.—*Cornish Telegraph*.

THE *South London Press* understands that certain alterations on the river embankment of Battersea-park are now contemplated—complying with a letter which was forwarded to the Chief Commissioner by the Battersea Vestry from Mr. Condy, with reference to a day-and-night highway between Chelsea Suspension Bridge and Old Battersea, for foot-passengers, carriages, carts, cabs, &c., along the frontage of the river, railed in from the park and river and lighted.

THE *Correspondance Européenne* says it is rumoured among the Legitimists that the Count de Paris and the Legitimist Princes will publicly adhere to the programme of the Count de Chambord. It is even believed that the Count de Paris will write a manifesto and completely separate his cause from that of the other Orleans Princes.

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 16. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

CLERGY MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in 1829.
Office—No. 2, BROAD SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER.

TRUSTEES.
The Archbishop of Canterbury.
The Archbishop of Dublin.
The Bishop Sumner.
The Archdeacon of Maidstone.
Chairman—The Archdeacon of Westminster.
Deputy-Chairman—Robert Few, Esq.
Consulting Actuary—Samuel Brown, Esq.
Actuary—Stewart Helder, Esq.
Physician—Dr. Stone, 13, Vigo Street.
Secretary—Matthew Hodgson, Esq.

Total existing assurances	£4,912,205	0	0
Total annual income	198,314	2	6
Total funds	1,891,915	12	7
Bonus allotted to members at the eighth quinquennial division of profits	280,000	0	0
Bonus reserve fund	45,453	15	5

No agents employed, and no commission paid.

For the year ended 31st May, 1871, 426 proposals, assuring £353,345, and yielding in annual premiums £11,728 4s., were completed; and, notwithstanding the large reductions in the premiums made by bonus in every fifth year from 1831 to 1866, both inclusive, the fund accumulating for the purpose of meeting future claims was, after payment of all outgoings, increased in the year by £106,674 9s. 9d.

The Forty-Second Annual Report, forms of proposal, and the accounts prepared pursuant to the "Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870," may be had on application at the office personally, or by letter.

Clergymen and their wives, and the relations of clergymen and their wives, are invited to make life assurances in this Society.

THE SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's Fields. Instituted 1799.

Incorporated 1826.
Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
President.
His Grace the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
Vice-Presidents.
The Right Rev. Samuel, Lord Bishop of WINCHESTER.
The Right Honourable the Lord TEIGNMOUTH.
ROBERT S. HOLFORD, Esq.
Treasurer.
SAML. RICHARD BOSANQUET, Esq.
Bankers.
Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., 73, Lombard Street.

The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, after completing their pupilage, may be destitute of a home, or of parental support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, and, to some degree, productive work.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power to add an Asylum for the reception and maintenance of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, as well as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatsoever applicable to this desirable object; and the addition of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not limited the benefit of an Asylum to those blind persons who have been connected with the School. It embraces the Blind in general, among whom there are many more aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more necessitous.

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase of the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their designs capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

The power to benefit them is in that large-hearted English sympathy which is so ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to help and soften the afflictions of humanity, the exercise of which has for more than half a century so eminently characterised the support of the School for the Indigent Blind.

The Committee have contracted for the purchase of twelve acres of land at the Caterham Junction of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (fronting the line) for the site of the intended new Schools, and the addition thereto (if funds can be obtained) of an Asylum.

Proximity to the metropolis, facility of intercourse, and healthful conditions, induce the belief that the site will prove to be a very eligible selection.

Donations are therefore solicited, and will be received by Messrs. Bosanquet & Co., 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; by Mr. Grueber, 5, Billiter Street, E.C.; and by the Chaplain, the Rev. B. G. Johns, at the School.

All Cheques and Post Office Orders are requested to be crossed "Bosanquet & Co.," the Blind School Asylum Fund.

THOS. GRUEBER,
Secretary and Solicitor to the Corporation.
5, Billiter Street, E.C., August 25, 1871.

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

THE OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS
Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,
The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds; each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps. [283
Chief Depot—131, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING.

HEAD OFFICE: 133, West George Street, Glasgow.
LONDON OFFICE: 8, Moorgate Street, E.C.
Chairman—ALEXANDER CRUM, Esq., of Thornliebank.

ABSTRACT FROM REPORTS OF 1870 AND 1871, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

1870.				1871.		
£36,165	8	10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139	2	0
27,554	3	4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243	16	10
13,111	11	1	Losses	22,766	17	7
7,555	10	6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336	11	2
17,067	10	4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869	14	2
68,492	10	4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294	14	2

APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager.*
May, 1871. [370

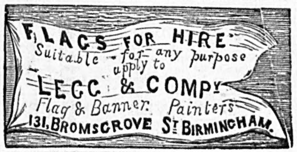
WILLCOX AND GIBBS' SILENT SEWING MACHINE.

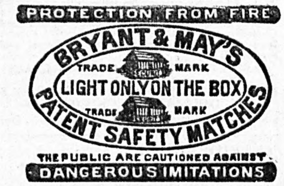
TRIAL
BEFORE
PURCHASE

MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Machines on Hire.
T. S. TONGUE,
Sole Agent,
3, BULL STREET,
BIRMINGHAM [426

LLOYD & CO.,
157, ISLINGTON,
BIRMINGHAM.

Patentees and Manufacturers of Perambulators, and Bath Chairs of every description.
Wholesale and Retail. [269





[410

MR. J. SWINSON,

DENTIST,
SOLIHULL.
Attendance daily. Hours, from 10 till 6. [80

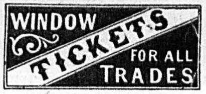
FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA,

at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY's EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.
Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234

PALFREY'S, 4, BULL RING, BIRMINGHAM.

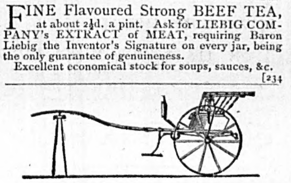
JEWELLERS' & PAWNBROKERS'
CELEBRATED WINDOW MARKS.

An Endless Variety for Stationers', Tobacconists' and Fancy Trades.



First-class Tickets for Birmingham and Sheffield Goods.

China and Glass Warehouses, Grocers, Drapers, and Outfitters. The most effective and cheapest ever produced.
Largest variety in the world from 6d. the gross. [138



FORDER & CO.'S CELEBRATED LIGHT GIGS.

Weight, 3 cwt. In stock: ready to take home with you. These Gigs are built of the very best materials, steel forgings, hickory wheels, double riveted, bent felloes, best lancewood shafts, lamps, best india-rubber apron, best cloth cushions, driving box, patent whip socket, mail patent axle with solid flaps, rubber blocks in ends of springs. Price £31 10s. nett. Warranted twelve months.—CARRIAGE WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON. [150

CORNS AND BUNIONS.

—A Gentleman, many years tormented with Corns, will be happy to afford others the information by which he obtained their COMPLETE REMOVAL in a short period, without pain or any inconvenience.—Forward address, on a stamped envelope, to F. KINGSTON, Esq., Church Street, Ware, Herts. [238

AUCTION ROOMS AND FINE ART GALLERIES

(formerly Winstanley's), 44, Church St., Liverpool, Established 1810, for the Sale by Auction of Furniture, Works of Art, Jewellery, Plate, Books, Wines, China, Glass, Hardware, Carpets, Stocks in Trade, and Goods of every description. Consignments invited. Cash advanced, if required.

GEORGE TURNER, Auctioneer, Valuer, &c.,
Liverpool. [797

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

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THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE:

AN EDUCATIONAL RECORD AND REVIEW.
Published every Saturday on Fine Paper, 32 pp.
Price Sixpence.

CONTENTS OF No. 32.

The School Boards:—Meetings of Boards throughout England and Wales.

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GOSSIP OF THE SCHOOLS.

REVIEWS:—Mr. Colquhoun's English Grammar.—Higher Arithmetic.—English Lessons for English People.—Miscellaneous Notes.

Vol. II. Now Ready, price 8s. 6d., Handsomely Bound in Cloth, post free for 9s. 6d. Covers for Binding, 2s. 6d. each. Portfolio for Single Copy, 2s.

GRANT & CO., 102, Fleet Street, E.C.

MR. ESKELL, of 8, Grosvenor Street,

the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

N.B.—The above works may be obtained of SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, of all Booksellers; or of the Author, post free for 7 stamps each. [231

BOWATERS' PRIZE ARTIFICIAL TEETH

defy all Competition for NATURAL APPEARANCE. MASTICATION, ARTICULATION, and COMFORT. Teeth fixed from 5s. per Tooth, including all charges.

W. BOWATER, Surgeon Dentist, &c., 142, Broad Street, Birmingham.

BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 Stamps. [573

AT MUDIE'S AND ALL LIBRARIES.

REMINISCENCES OF MARK LEMON.

This day is published in cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d.

WITH A SHOW IN THE NORTH.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

Together with Mark Lemon's last Song, his revised text of Falstaff, and Portrait in Costume (Reprinted with additions from the *Gentleman's Magazine*).

"'With a Show in the North' is a reprint—most elegantly turned out—of Mr. Joseph Hatton's papers which appeared originally in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, descriptive of his tour through the provinces with the late lamented Mark Lemon, during his Falstaffian entertainment. The book abounds in quaint anecdotes and touching memories, and is written with ease and simplicity which distinguishes the author of 'The Tallants of Barton.' One reads the book at a sitting—and one puts it down with a sigh. We are all indebted to Mr. Hatton for this memorial volume."—*Fun*, April 8.

"Mr. Hatton's interesting reminiscences of Mark Lemon."—*Illustrated London News.*

"A series of articles which are read with real zest."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

"Full of curious interest."—*Perthshire Journal.*

"A series of charming reminiscences."—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

London: WM. H. ALLEN & CO., 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.

ROTTON PARK RESERVOIR EDGBASTON,

NOW OPEN to SUBSCRIBERS and the PUBLIC generally for
BOATING, &c.
Subscribers' Tickets may be had at the Lodge, Reservoir-road.
265] W. B. WYATT, Proprietor.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,

In use the last 70 Years for
INDIGESTION.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS

In use the last 70 Years for
BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,

In use the last 70 Years for
LIVER COMPLAINTS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. [248

Beautiful Residential Property in the North of Ireland.—By Messrs. GEORGE WALTERS & SON auctioneers, in the Corporation-hall, Londonderry, on Wednesday, the 27th day of September, 1871, at 2 o'clock afternoon,

THE MANSION HOUSE AND ESTATE OF ROE PARK,

formerly the seat of Harvey Nicholson, Esq., deceased, situate in the county of Londonderry, within ten miles of the city of Londonderry (between which and Glasgow and Liverpool there is direct communication by sea), and three-quarters of a mile of the thriving market town and railway station of Newtonlimavady. This most desirable property contains 270 acres, or thereabouts, of which about sixty-eight acres are well wooded, the remainder being arable, meadow, and pasture land of excellent quality. The mansion-house is a large and important structure, standing on a noble elevation in a beautifully timbered park, and commanding extensive views of mountain, woodland, and river scenery, unsurpassed in the north of Ireland. It is approached by a fine drive, and the gardens and orchards are well stocked with fruit trees, and cover an area of upwards of five acres, on which are a greenhouse and vinery, each about 90 ft. long, and other horticultural erections and appliances. The river Roe, affording both salmon and trout fishing, flows in front of the mansion-house, and through and along the demesne for upwards of a mile, adding much to its attractiveness. The woods are well adapted for pheasant breeding, and are frequented by woodcock, and the fine old timber in the park is famed for its size and beauty. The property has been for some years in hand, so that immediate possession of the whole may be had free from tenant right or other claims. It is in excellent order, and is well adapted for a gentleman desirous of a country mansion with a moderate-sized home farm attached, or the farm can be readily let as a detached holding. The tenure is in great part freehold, and the remainder fee-farm. The district is peaceable, well cultivated, and prosperous. For plan and particulars, with a photographic view of the mansion-house, and cards to view, application may be made to the auctioneers; or to Messrs. E. and W. Willsby, solicitors, Berwick-upon-Tweed; Messrs. Anderson and Lee, solicitors, Dublin; Mr. B. H. Lane, solicitor, Newtonlimavady; Mr. T. Chambers, solicitor, Londonderry; Messrs. Johns, Hewett, and Johns, solicitors, Belfast; Mr. George Knox, solicitor, 3, Bloomsbury-square, London: Mr. Goodman, solicitor, Sweeting-street, Liverpool; Steph. Sanderson, solicitor, Berwick-on-Tweed.—Berwick-on-Tweed, 3rd August, 1871.

MIDDLESEX CONSERVATIVE REGISTRATION ASSOCIATION.

—Conservatives who have received NOTICES of OBJECTION to their CLAIM to come on or remain on the Register of Voters for the county of Middlesex, are requested to SEND such Notices to the undersigned, when their title to vote will be defended, free of expense, by

WOLLASTON F. PYM, Agent for the County.
No. 6a, Victoria Street, Westminster.

COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX REGISTRATION.

—1871.—Notice is hereby given, that James Newton Goren, Esq., the Barrister appointed to REVISE the LIST of VOTERS for Knights of the Shire to serve in Parliament for the county of Middlesex, will hold Courts for that purpose at the following times and places, taking at the respective Courts the lists for the parishes and places hereunder mentioned or referred to, that is to say:—

At the Chequers Inn, Uxbridge, on Monday, the 25th of September, at 12 at noon, for Cowley, Harefield, Hayes, Hillingdon, Ickenham, Ruislip, Uxbridge, West Drayton.

At the Black Dog, Bedfont, on Wednesday, the 27th of September, at 12 at noon, for Ashford, Bedfont, Cranford, Feltham, Harlington, Harmondsworth, Laleham, Littleton, Shepperton, Staines, and Stanwell.

At the Enfield Arms, Enfield, on Thursday, the 28th of September, at half-past 11 a.m., for Edmonton and Enfield.

At the Court House, Edgware, on Friday, the 29th of September, at 11 a.m., for Edgware, Finchley, Great Stanmore, Harrow, Hendon, Kingsbury, Little Stanmore, and Pinner.

At the Vestry Hall, Bancroft Road, Mile End Road, on Tuesday, the 3rd of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the polling district of Mile End.

At Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead, on Wednesday, the 4th of October, at 11 a.m., for Hampstead and Willesden.

At the Lords Justices' Court, Westminster Hall, on Thursday, the 5th day of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for Lincoln's Inn and the parishes and places within the city of Westminster.

At the Town Hall, Church Row, Bethnal Green, on Friday, the 6th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the polling district of Bethnal Green.

At the Windsor Castle, Hammersmith, on Tuesday, the 10th of October, at 11 a.m., for Chiswick, Fulham, Hammersmith, St. Luke Chelsea, and St. Mary Abbott's Kensington.

At the Castle Inn, Brentford, on Friday, the 13th of October, at 11 a.m., for New Brentford, Heston, Isleworth, Twickenham, Twyford Abbey, and so much of the parish of Ealing as lies within the Ecclesiastical Districts of St. Paul and St. George, Old Brentford.

At the Vestry Hall, King's Road, Pancras Road, on Saturday, the 14th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the district assigned to poll King's Cross, or within half a mile thereof.

At the Court of Queen's Bench, Guildhall, in the city of London, on Monday, the 16th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the city of London.

At the Red Lion Hotel, Hampton, on Wednesday, the 18th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for Hampton, Hampton Wick, Hanworth, Sunbury, and Teddington.

At the Viaduct Inn, Hanwell, on Thursday, the 19th of October, at half-past 11 a.m., for Acton, Great Greenford, Hanwell, Norwood, Northolt, Perrivale, and so much of the parish of Ealing as is not included in the Ecclesiastical Districts of St. Paul and St. George, Old Brentford.

At the Bell and Hare, Tottenham, on Friday, the 20th of October, at half-past 11 a.m., for Tottenham.

At the Railway Hotel, Hornsey, on Tuesday, the 24th of October, at 11 a.m., for Friern Barnet, St. Mary Hornsey, Monken Hadley, and South Mims

The lists will be taken at every Court in the order in which they stand in the Register.

RICHD. NICHOLSON, Clerk of the Peace
Sessions House, Clerkenwell, September, 1871.

EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1807. (FOR LIVES ONLY.)

79, PALL MALL, LONDON.

Income from Premiums	£355,515
Invested Funds	£3,276,394
Interest on ditto	£137,731

(Being an average of £4 8 0 per cent.)

FURTHER SECURITY—A Subscribed Capital of more than a Million and a Half.

Expenses of Management under 3 per Cent.

NEXT DIVISION OF SURPLUS IN 1872.

GEORGE HUMPHREYS,
Actuary and Secretary. [263

THOMSON'S CELEBRATED MANUFACTURES.

AUTUMN, 1871.

OVERSKIRTS.—The "ROYAL BATSWING," *Seamless* and *Moulded* to the shape; pure Australian wool, light and warm. Can be had plain, in three shades of grey, or in scarlet, violet, and claret, and in these colours *richly ornamented in Satin, Velvet,* and *Silk Reps,* in *new patterns* of *choice* and *tasteful designs.*

THOMSON'S

CRINOLINES. — The new "DUPLEX" supplies, with the least possible weight, Tournure and Small Jupon in one. The "SELF-SUPPORTING" and "ROYAL TRAIN" Crinolines are ingenious inventions, perfectly supporting the dress, for morning or evening wear, also the well-known "EMPRESS RESILIENT" and "PLASTIQUE" Crinolines always in Stock at first-class retailers.

THOMSON'S

CORSETS.—The "GLOVE-FITTING." Ladies are strongly recommended to try, or at least to see and examine the "Glove-Fitting" principle before trying any other. Their shape and finish being perfected on steam models, they are now faultless in design and manufacture. Although made in many qualities, accurate fit in all is obtained; and as they do not stretch in wear, their superior shape is permanently preserved.

THOMSON'S

CORSET BUSKS.—The "UNBREAKABLE." By the new patented principle, no perforation of the steel is necessary, thus allowing of a much finer temper, and entirely obviating the risk of the usual breakage.

THOMSON'S

THE name "THOMSON" and Trade Mark (a Crown) stamped upon all goods.

NEVER BUY AN IMITATION before comparing it with the genuine original.

TRADE MARK.

[464

Now Ready, price One Shilling,

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.

CONTENTS :—

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES. By the Author of "Christopher Kenrick" and "The Tallants of Barton."

Chap. XVII.—The First Blare of the Trumpets.
" XVIII.—"And our Little Life is Rounded with a Sleep."
" XIX.—In the Battle.

THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD.

THE BOOK OF OATIATI.—Preface. I.—William Ewart Gladstone. II.—Swinburne. III.—Joan of Arc.

SONNET.

ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND. By Charles Cowden Clarke. VII.—Burlesque Writers.

THE ILLUSION OF BIGNESS. By J. M. Capes.

THE IVIED COTTAGE. By S. H. Bradbury.

PLAYERS OF OUR DAY. I.—Mr. J. L. Toole.

ON BOARD THE "EULALIE." A Yachting Song.

NORTHERN RACING NOTES. By Asteroid.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SMALL TERRIER.

TABLE TALK. By Sylvanus Urban.

London: GRANT & CO., 102, Fleet Street.

MRS. YOUNG'S

ONE GUINEA

FLANNEL DRESSING GOWNS.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND

ONE HUNDRED PATTERNS Post Free.

128 & 129, Oxford Street, London, W.

COLOURED DRESSES of all kinds may be washed and the *colours preserved* by using ARCHER'S IMPROVED COLLOID. It is manufactured by ALFRED WARD & CO., WITHY GROVE, MANCHESTER. Sold by Drapers, Chemists, and Grocers in tins at 6d. and 1s. each. One Shilling Tins forwarded on receipt of 14 postage stamps to any town where no agent is yet appointed. Applications for Agencies invited. See page 14. [362

CARPETS, CURTAINS, CABINET FURNITURE.

GEO. DIACK, 212 & 213, OXFORD STREET, W., invites public attention to his Stock of Carpets, comprising all the manufactures for Dining-Rooms, Libraries, Drawing-Rooms, and Chambers; to a unique collection of Silk Fabrics from the most approved Factories of Lyons and Spitalfields.

CABINET FURNITURE OF FIRST-CLASS MAKE.

BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING SUITABLE FOR THE MANSION OR COTTAGE.

212 & 213, *OXFORD STREET, LONDON.* [102

BREIDENBACH'S
MACASSARINE, for the Hair, 1s.
KALYDOR, for the Skin, 1s.
ODONTO, for the Teeth, 1s.
157B, Bond Street; and all Chemists and Perfumers. [474

BRADBURY AND CO.,

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